JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 24, 1932

BIG COUPS OF THE FLYING SQUAD SEE PAGES 20 and 21

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1371.

JOHN BULL

RECIPE.

3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA'
6 oz. Flour. Pinch of Salt.
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.
Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it, and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

With a packet of this good Beef Suet you have the foundation for an infinite variety of dishes, that are at once appetising and satisfying, and that provide the greatest nourishment.

This inexpensive recipe for Jam Roly-Poly is taken from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., MANCHESTER.

4478

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32 BILLIARD TABLES FREE *Write for details and price list*

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4 ft. 4 in. × 2 ft. 4 in.	£7	6s. 6d.	or in 20 monthly payments of		6s.
5 ft. 4 in. × 2 ft. 10 in.	£9	15s. 6d.			19/3
6 ft. 4 in. × 3 ft. 4 in.	£11	15s. 6d.			15/6
7 ft. 4 in. × 3 ft. 10 in.	£13	5s. 6d.			13/7
8 ft. 4 in. × 4 ft. 4 in.	£21	10s. 6d.			24/6

Riley's "Home" Table resting on ordinary Dining Table

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For storing Tools, Crates, Frame, Household Goods, etc. Fitment dismantled. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. Strong, planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 payments or 12
6ft.	4ft.	6½ ft.	£5 17 6	10/- 5/3
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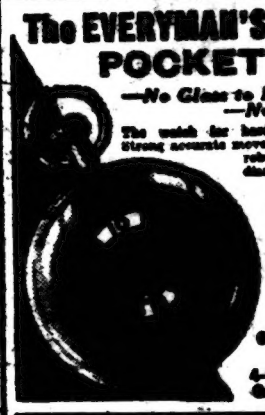

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The watch for hard wear and hard use. Strong accurate movement fitted in handsome robust Chromium Case. Sin. diameter. Gives the right time at a glance. Last Price, 10/6.

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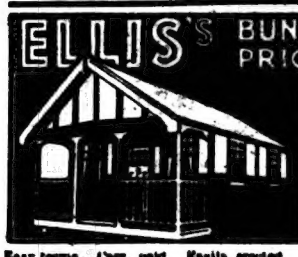

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Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

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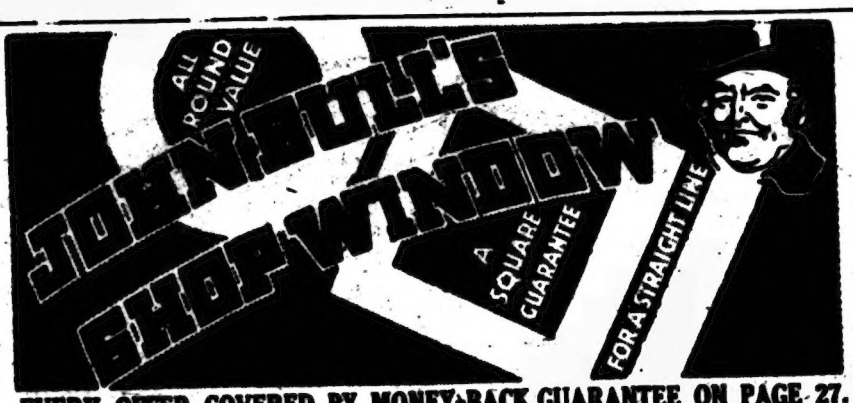

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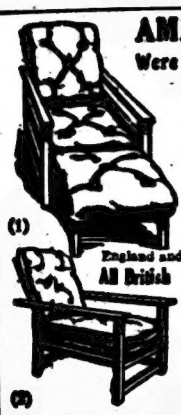

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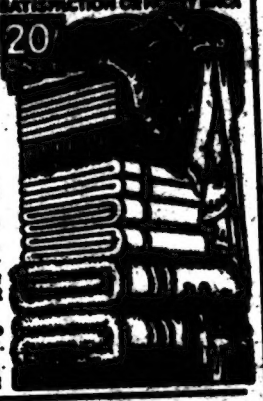

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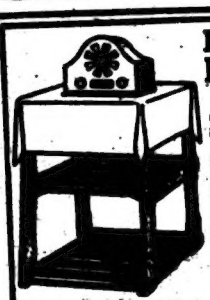

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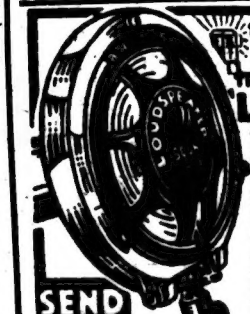

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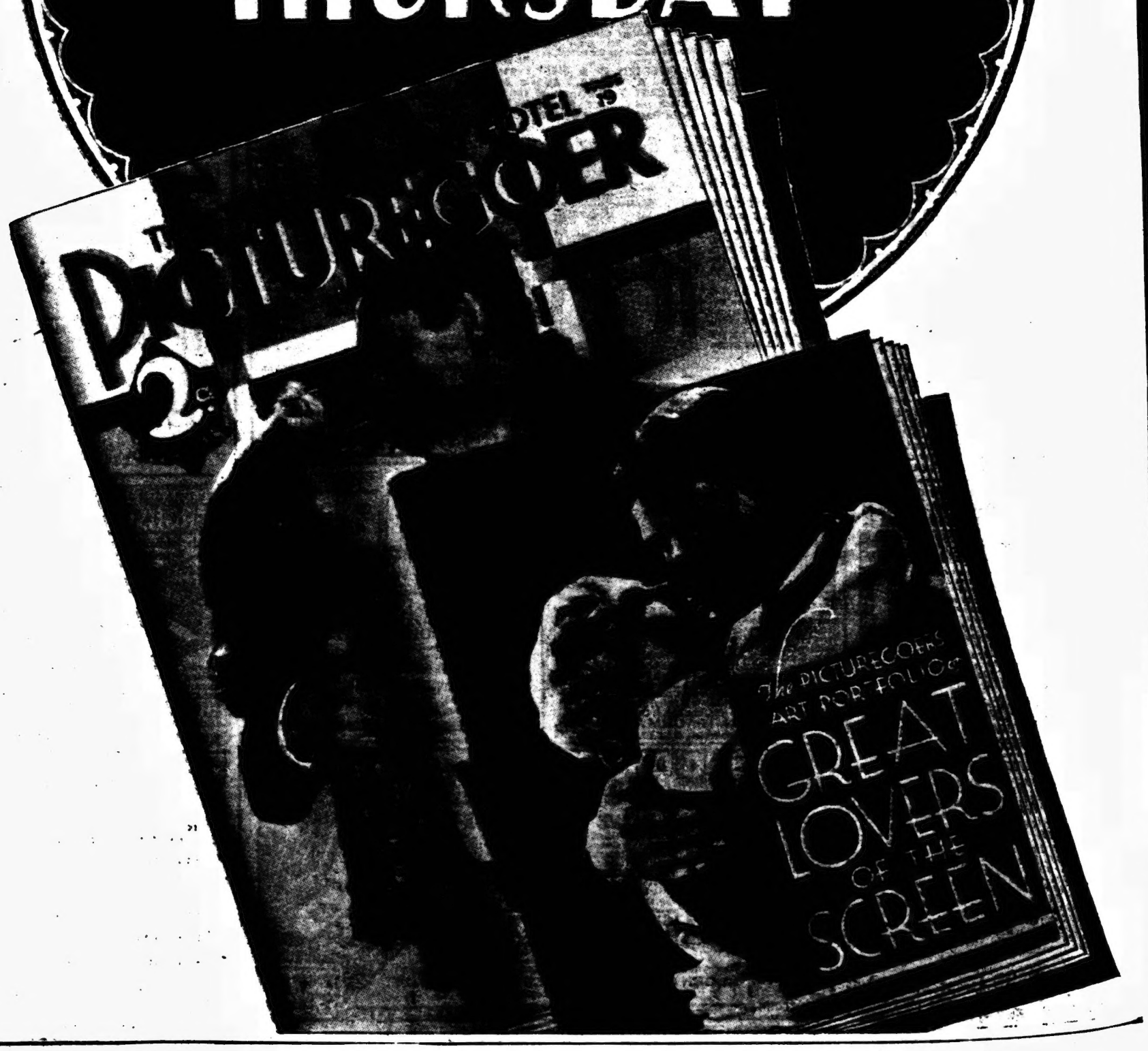

SUPERB 24 PAGE ART PORTFOLIO "Great lovers of the Screen" FREE

Maurice Chevalier *Jeanette MacDonald*
Greta Garbo *Ramon Novarro*

IN the "Picturegoer" on sale next Thursday is a magnificent presentation art portfolio containing 24 superb full-page art plates of "The Greatest Lovers of the Screen"—the great stars whom you know so well, whose screen romances have given you so many thrills and hours of pleasure, are here brought together in an amazingly fascinating art portfolio that will be an everlasting joy to all film lovers. Here, superbly portrayed in rich velvety photogravure, fresh from the glamour and romance of their greatest screen partnerships, are such fascinating, captivating players as—See the wonderful list of glamorous names.

Don't miss this wonderful, marvellous photogravure record—this dazzling, intimate collection of portraits of your favourite stars as partners in the screen's most absorbing love scenes. It's presented FREE inside every copy of the "Picturegoer"—on sale next Thursday, September 29th.

This advance announcement is made in order to give "John Bull" readers an opportunity of placing their orders NOW. The demand for the "Picturegoer" will be unprecedented—unless your newsagent has an order from you; you may be unable to secure this superb celebration issue containing this magnificent 24-page supplement. SO ACT AT ONCE!

Here are the great lovers of the screen who appear in this fascinating 24-page art portfolio:—

***Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro**—tragic lovers in the great spy drama—"*Mata Hari.*"

***Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard**—recently together in—"*Free Soul,*" and soon to be seen in "*Smilin' Through.*"

Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Bickford—partners in a drama of tropical love in—"*Thunder Below.*"

Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie—a robust romance played against scintillating dance-hall backgrounds in—"*Dancers in the Dark.*"

Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery—players in an emotional murder story in—"*Letty Lynton.*"

Ann Harding and Laurence Olivier—in a fine comedy drama of quarrels, divorce and re-marriage—"*Westward Passage.*"

Jeanette Macdonald and Maurice Chevalier—fascinating lovers in a daring musical comedy—"*One Hour With You.*"

Marian Marsh and Richard Barthelmess—together in a grim drama—"*Alias the Doctor.*"

Molly Lamont and Gene Gerrard—paired in a tuneful comedy—"*Lucky Girl.*"

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent—partners in a smart society drama—"*The Rich are Always With Us.*"

***Warren William and Lil Dagover**—players in a tragic drama of love and loyalty—"*The Woman from Monte Carlo.*"

Kay Francis and William Powell—in an intriguing love romance—"*The Jewel Robbery.*"

Billy Dove and Chester Morris—together in a romantic war-time comedy—"*Cock of the Air.*"

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—irresistible team work in a homely marital drama—"*The First Year.*"

Norma Shearer and Clark Gable—incomparable partners in a love drama of unusual interest—"*Strange Interlude.*"

Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas—inimitable lovers in—"*As You Desire Me.*"

***Sally Eilers and James Dunn**—lovable partners in the romance of the dance floor—"*Dance Team.*"

Gwili Andre and Richard Dix—together in banditry in the wilds of Manchuria—"*The Roar of the Dragon.*"

Fay Wray and Joel Mocrea—players in romance and adventure in the jungle.—"*The Most Dangerous Game.*"

Irene Dunn and John Boles—in an adaptation from Fanny Hurst's popular novel—"*Back Street.*"

Sylvia Sidney and Frederic March—lively partners in drama of the smart set—"*Merrily We Go To—*"

***James Cagney and Joan Blondell**—together in a motor-speedway drama—"*The Crowd Roars.*"

Elissa Landi and Alexander Kirkland—in an emotional sex drama with a tropical background—"*Burnt Offering.*"

***Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez**—fascinating lovers in a moving story of Jewish life—"*Melody of Life.*"

With the exception of the items starred none of the above-mentioned films have yet been generally released.

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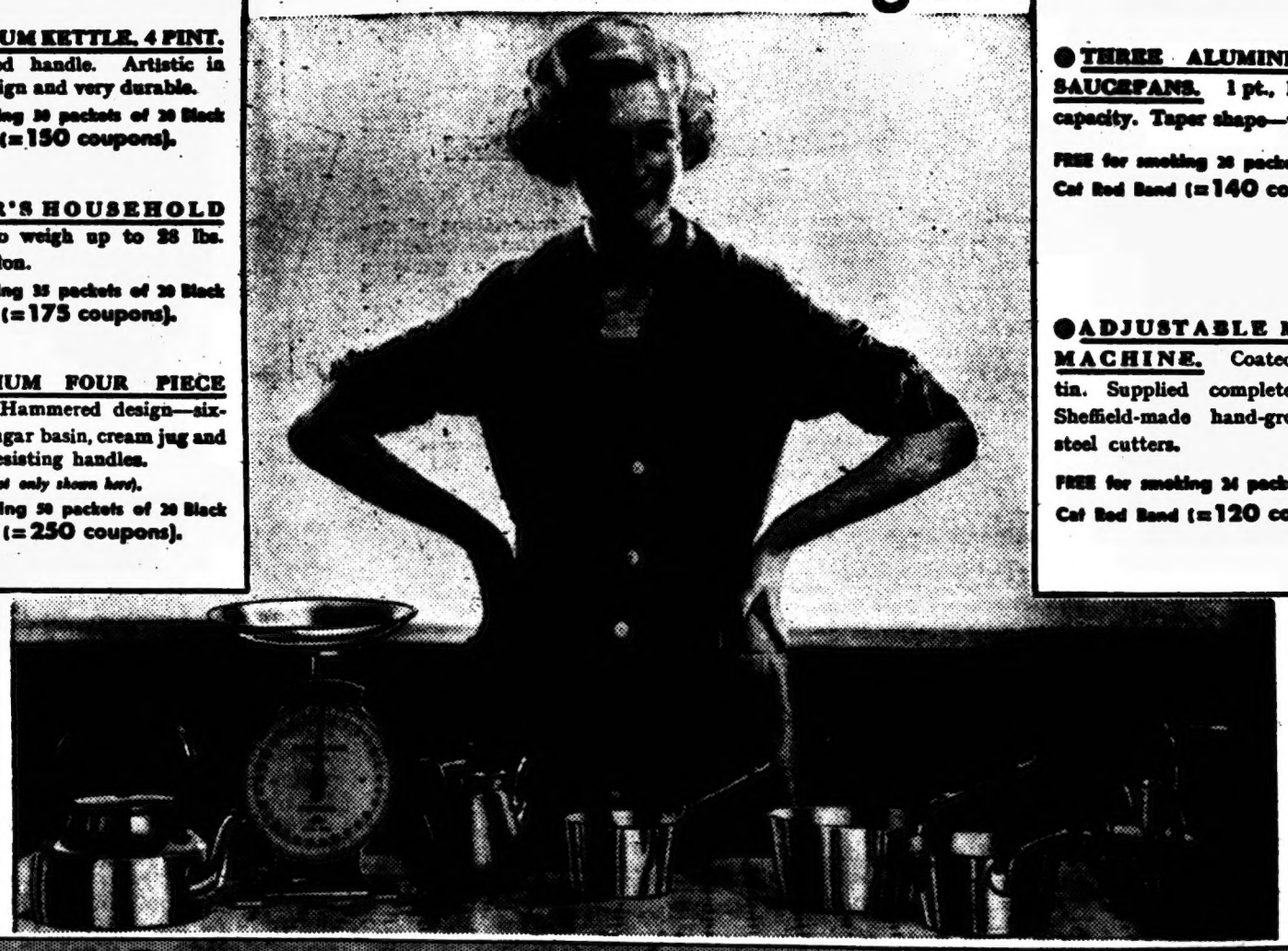

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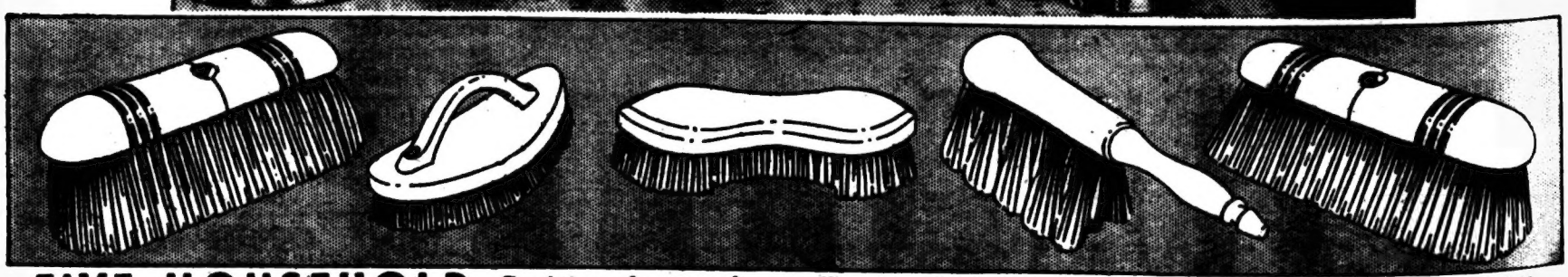

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Don't Trust THE FOOLS AGAIN

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

The Fool with War on the Brain. If he is right you will pay the price of his folly

NEVER before was a time when there was so much need for every man and every woman who hates war or the idea of war to rally to the support of the forces of peace.

The world these days is at the cross-roads. Even to-day there are meetings going on in Geneva that may mean "Yes" or "No" to the grim question, "Will there be another world war?"

There are foolish optimists who put their ostrich heads in the sands and just think that "it can't really happen."

Just in the same way, in the years before 1914, the same type kept believing that "it can't really happen"—until it *did* happen.

They just trusted to that futile belief; and they did not lift a finger to stop it happening.

There is a second set who dismally say, "Of course there will be another war. There always will be wars. We can't do anything to stop them."

And there is a third lot who, wicked as well as foolish, go about murmuring that "it might not be a bad thing, after all, if we did have another war."

Last time, as Mr. Churchill once remarked, "the fools were right."

If they are right a second time, it is good-bye to our civilisation, good-bye to all hopes of a decent world for ourselves and our children.

But they can be made wrong if the people that believe in peace will really work for peace and fight the folly that means drifting again into war.

There are two big international forces to-day that can be bulwarks against the drift to war.

One is the League of Nations. The other is the Disarmament Conference.

It's up to you!

IF the League were to break, if the Conference were to fail, the outlook would be grim indeed.

The League will not break if public opinion rallies to its support. The Conference will not fail if public opinion insists that it shall succeed.

The consequence of failure, Mr. Henderson has warned us, would be the beginning of a new "competitive race in armaments and a new danger of war."

Who that remembers the years before 1914 can doubt that a new competition in armaments will lead inevitably to war? Who can doubt that the alternative that faces the world to-day is disarmament or a not far distant catastrophe?

Disarmament—a real and drastic reduction of armaments—is the essential condition of peace. Success—a real success—of the Conference is the essential condition of disarmament.

The Conference—to quote Mr. Henderson again—"must not fail." The statesmen must be warned that the peoples (who bear the burden of armaments and of wars) will not excuse or tolerate failure.

The Conference so far has achieved little. The statesmen (with a very few exceptions) have hardly been trying. They must be made to try.

There must be no more slavish following of the advice of experts—of Admirals who hate the idea of scrapping ships, of Generals who hate the idea of reducing armies. You might as well ask a dope-addict his views on abolishing cocaine!

We want no more nonsense from people who think, like Admiral Pound of the British Admiralty, that "battleships are more precious than rubies."

We want no more nonsense about "stabilising armaments at their present level." We want a real and drastic reduction. Progressive, maybe, but with a real and immediate beginning.

New armament race

THE Conference has got to achieve that or fail. There can be no half-measure.

The German claim to "equality of status" makes that certain. Unless there is a real reduction of the armaments of the nations round her, Germany will leave the Conference and re-arm, Italy will leave with her. The new competition will begin.

"When," say the Germans, "you made us disarm in 1919, you did so on the understanding, and with a solemn pledge, to disarm yourselves.

"You forbade us to have battleships, or tanks, or heavy guns, or aeroplanes, because—you said—they were unnecessary for defence, they were purely weapons of aggression.

"Now carry out your pledges. Disarm yourselves. Scrap your own aggressive weapons. Cut down your own forces.

"If you refuse to do so, if you say that these things are necessary for defence, for your own security, why then they are equally necessary for us.

"If you do not disarm, we shall re-arm."

That is the position that the Conference has to face. Either it must get a real reduction of armaments, or Germany re-arms, the competition begins again, a new European war looms on the horizon.

Stem that attack

THE Conference must not fail. But if it is to succeed, there must be a great rallying of public opinion to its support.

A rally to the Conference. A rally to the League.

For the League, the other great bulwark of peace, is being attacked.

Japan is openly defying it, openly violating her Covenant obligations and her Treaty pledges. And there are sinister forces in this country supporting Japan against the League, decrying the League, belittling it, trying by every underhand method to sap its authority and its strength.

That nonsense, too, must be stopped. Japan is nothing to us. The League means everything. It is—despite all its faults, despite some failures—one of our strongest bulwarks against war.

We must back Disarmament for all that we are worth. We must back the League for all that we are worth.

Else—the fools will be right again. And we shall pay the price of their folly.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Worst of All Road Speed Offenders

HEAVEN knows, the perils of our roads are great enough as it is.

But they will be greater still unless a sharp lesson is taught to employers who order their motor-drivers to break the speed law—or lose their jobs.

We refuse to believe there are many such employers about, but that they exist, and are responsible for a dangerous new menace on our roads, is clear from two cases that have just come to light.

Go *fast—or get out*

A man fined at Oxford said he had to exceed the speed limit in order to get a few hours' sleep. Even so his working day was sixteen hours long.

After being stopped by the police, he kept within the limit. Whereupon his employers sacked him.

Another firm did the same thing with a driver who blankly refused to carry out its illegal order.

The real offenders

Quite apart from the added peril to life and limb that this defiance of the law entails, it is scandalous that a driver should, to keep his job, be forced to risk being haled into court and fined, while the offending employer goes scot free.

The remedy is plain. That is to put the real culprits in the dock.

They deserve no mercy.

By compelling others to break the law, and escaping the just penalties themselves, they are the worst road offenders of all.

There Must be No Milk Shortage

Yet Another Pistol Warning

The spectre behind the man at the wheel: "Faster, faster, or you lose your job"

Plain duty

If the farmers and milk distributors fail to agree over milk prices, the Minister of Agriculture must see that the public doesn't suffer from shortage of supplies.

He has the power to start a milk marketing scheme, either permanently or till the parties settle their quarrel. We shall see that he doesn't forget this.

Keeping their word

So the Government has grudgingly agreed to give better credit facilities for British trade with Russia.

But why the reluctance? The Russian Government has not yet defaulted as much as a penny on any transaction, and the official British guarantee has never been called upon.

Which is more than can be said of trade credits to some other countries that have been officially guaranteed.

On the shelf

What happens to petitions to the House of Commons after they have been dropped into the bag that hangs behind the Speaker's chair?

Last April a petition was presented from some British settlers in Australia praying for an enquiry into their pitiable circumstances

Nothing more has been heard of it.

Perhaps the Dominions Secretary knows which official pigeon-hole it is in?

The big stick

The London building societies are at each others' throats.

The big ones recently reduced the rates of interest for new borrowers, and tried to intimidate the smaller ones to follow suit But some of the smaller societies have cut their rates still more. So the fight is on.

We hope it results in a further all-round reduction.

Silent protest

There's one thing to be remembered about the increase in the price of petrol.

And that is that the Government takes 8d. of the present price of 1s. 7½d. for first-grade spirit, which doesn't leave very much for all the costly processes of obtaining and refining the spirit, distribution, and profit for producer and retailer.

The companies might mention the 8d. tax on their petrol pumps as a silent protest.

The pistol menace

Two youths were found shooting across a road with a pistol. They have been fined for possessing the weapon without a licence.

They deserved to be fined, anyway, for shooting across the road.

But the matter must not end there. As the chairman of the Enfield Bench said, further proceedings should be taken against the gunsmith who sold the pistol to the lads without telling them that a licence was required.

And we hope his fine will be a big one.

Balancing up

Here is a piece of really good news from Somerset House.

A number of elderly income-tax collectors have been replaced by younger men.

Obviously, as they have longer to live they can hardly complain if they have longer to wait.

Which is right?

The Bishop of Exeter, Lord William Cecil, has laid it down that a vicar is entitled to say he cannot afford to get married on a stipend of £7 a week and a vicarage.

Is the Bishop of Exeter prepared to take the same line with a member of the vicar's flock who gets a wage of £7 a week and no house?

Our own view is that if the Bishop is right, then the Church which pays the £7 stipend is wrong. And *vice versa*.

Not to let

A sixty-three-year-old "labourer," named Fred Bennett, was sent from the London Sessions to three years' penal servitude.

His trick was to get a five-shilling deposit from poor women on account of rooms which he did not possess.

We doubt if Fred Bennett is a labourer, but we know that he is a mean rogue. And we're glad he has a room now that he would like to let for less than five shillings, even on a three years' tenancy!

Just fun

Good old Navy! The cooks are going to wear white caps like chefs on shore.

That is fine, but the Admiralty has decided to be really thorough about it, so ships' cooks are going to be made the subject of experiments in various patterns. Reports will be made *next April*.

Just imagine the time the other ratings will have inventing nicknames as the various styles are worn aboard.

Why a "dinner-out" from the Admiralty didn't just say "That one will do" and issue it we don't know. But it would have prevented a lot of fun.

Well soaked

Mr. Robin Chatterjee, an Indian university student, has beaten the world's endurance swimming record by staying in the water 71¾ hours.

We hope he enjoyed it. But why he ever did it beats us and probably beats him.

For services rendered

We ask your admiration for the Countess de Caen.

During the war, her services to the men at the front earned her the title of "Little Mother."

When the Armistice came, she determined to deliver personally all the dying messages to wives, mothers and sweethearts confided to her by the men she had tended

After travelling sixty thousand miles in Britain and the United States, she has just completed her task.

A hiking Bishop

How the Bishop of Winchester will shock those parsons who disapprove of hikers!

The Bishop is going hiking. He hopes to cover fifteen miles a day, and will conduct services in different parishes each day.

We don't know what the anti-hikers will say about the Bishop, but we do know that he's a man after our own heart.

If he calls—

The worst doorstep cadger we know is now busy in West London.

He tells householders that henceforth any person who attempts to sell goods made in the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops will be an impostor, as that institution is being closed.

There is, happily, no truth in this statement.

Having lied his way into the householder's confidence, this scoundrel tries to sell bottles of cheap perfume at ten times their proper price.

If he calls on you, call a policeman.

Do-nothing scandal

A workman was recently killed through falling on the spiked iron railings which separate the backyards of houses in Glasgow's east end.

Every week, on the average, half a dozen lads are injured by the same cause and have to be taken to hospital.

It would be easy to remove these dangerous spikes. But the Corporation, by a narrow majority, has decided to do nothing.

We can only presume that the Corporation likes the hospitals to be kept busy.

Go slow

The London and North-Eastern Railway has inaugurated special slow trains to allow excursionists to admire the views in the Eskdale district.

This is a good idea. But it isn't new. We know quite a lot of local trains that go very, very slow.

We want to know

Sheffield is a proud city. But one of its citizens reports that ten families—thirty-seven persons in all—are living in a house of eight rooms and five small attics.

We should like to hear the explanation of the City Council.

Still snatching

Another sweepstake has been run by the Brighton County Club. This time it was on the St. Leger.

As we have often pointed out, these sweepstakes are most unsatisfactory.

Most of them are mere evasions of the law, and the small sums thrown to this or that hospital are insults to Charity.

All the unsuccessful ticket-holders get is a list of ticket numbers. The identity of the owners of the lucky tickets is shrouded in mystery.

Such "sweeps" are just profit-snatching ventures.

Fortitude

Arthur Longstaff is a Yorkshireman, with all the pluck that a Yorkshireman is reputed to have—and a bit more

A car collided with his horse and cart, and he was severely injured But he drove the cart home—a distance of nine miles—before collapsing.

A fine performance. But we can't understand why he didn't drive straight to hospital, instead of having to be carried there later.

Give him a miss

Dr. Raymond is a gentleman with a very good address—Panton House, Haymarket, London.

He also has a good deal of impertinence. He claims to be able to show you the way to success and happiness by reading your "Horoscope." Cost—half a crown.

He also wants to sell copies of his book on Hypnotism. Cost—half a crown.

We should certainly have to be hypnotised before we paid half a crown for either.

Return of the native

Twenty years ago William Davies was an Abertillery miner.

In the last Australian Government he was Minister of Education.

Now he is revisiting the town of his birth, and intends to help his former work-mates.

We admire his career. And particularly we admire his remembrance of old-time friends.

Too cheap

Stanley Asken, of Springwell, near Gateshead, is twenty years old.

But his temper is already violent. So, when he felt annoyed the other day, he picked up a prop and beat a pit pony to death.

"For the sake of his widowed mother," the magistrates only fined him £2.

What a pity he hasn't a father!

The worst drink scandal

The scandal of people drinking methylated spirit in Glasgow's public places still goes on.

The authorities have no power to prevent it.

It is certainly time the Government gave them that power.

A Famous Preacher Defines—

WHAT MAKES a Bad Christian

A good Churchman—but is he a good Christian?

by the REV. DONALD SOPER

I AM often asked, "What is it that makes a bad Christian?"

The difficulty of this question and the tragedy behind its answer lie in the fact that so many bad Christians are good Churchmen; good Churchmen because they carry out the rites, observe the ceremonies and defend the institutions of the Church: but bad Christians because in real life they pass by on the other side.

Equally, bad Churchmen may be—and often are—good Christians. Anybody who has touched life in the raw knows this.

The question has come up again in reference to the wearing of hats in church. The relation of headgear to holiness has always been a close one right from the days of Paul, and now in the cathedral named after him the authorities are to allow women to worship without hats despite the Pauline injunction to the contrary.

There is a splendid peg on which to hang those hats.

If hats, though a mark of good Churchmanship, are a hindrance to real Christian worship and set up a barrier of unreality between God and His children, then let us hang them all up. In any case, the modern crochet hat, though catholic in shape and nonconformist in pattern, could hardly be called an ornament of the church, and I'm sure the Dean doesn't like them.

Hats may be a test of good manners and even of correct Churchmanship. Minds and hearts are always the test of good Christians. It is the lack of a Christ-like mind and heart that makes a bad Christian.

The Pharisee is often a good Churchman. He takes care to make clean the outside of the cup and platter, and manages to forget that inwardly he is far from clean. He looks with horror on the sins of other people, which he usually limits to drink, swearing and gambling, and pretends not to notice the more subtle—and possibly the more deadly—offences of which he is himself guilty.

If he is a slum owner his attendance at church is just as regular and thorough on a Sunday as his collection of rents on the Saturday.

If he is the employer of sweated labour, he makes his profit through six days and tries to keep the seventh holy by salving his conscience in terms of the collection bag.

The banner-wagger

THEN there is that far more common type of Pharisee, humble and contrite from eleven till twelve on Sunday morning, and overbearing and selfish to his wife, and in his home, for the rest of the week.

I have a friend who sees a great deal more of life than I do. He sits behind a horse and looks at your window on behalf of Messrs. Carter Paterson. He told me the other day of a road-cleaner in his borough who got religion and became such a good Churchman that he was appointed to carry the banner.

"And you should have seen the way he danced about with that banner," said my friend. "If only he had danced about with the broom with half the energy, we should have got the rates down a bit."

These all may be good Churchmen—at any rate, the Church has never unanimously or definitely forbidden them this distinction—but it is high time we forbade them the name of Christ, for the man who divorces his Christianity from his business and from his everyday life has not only lost his claim to be a Christian, but is rapidly losing his claim to be a business man as well, and, of course, he never was a gentleman.

Take, on the other hand, the man or woman—I could name many—who actually suffer the punishment of the law rather than betray their friends. Technically, they are criminals, but are we quite sure that they have not in them one of the essential seeds of real Christianity, seeds that only need nurturing and cultivation to make them blossom into beauty?

A little while ago I appealed for clothing, books, and so on, for a "rest room" in which unemployed men find a certain amount of relief from the dreadful burden of anxiety and idleness that press upon them day after day.

Among those who responded generously were men and women who, as far as I know, rarely or never attend a Sunday service. And there were some women, also, who I am certain do not go to church, yet almost surreptitiously they brought along cakes and puddings and, having left them, hurried away.

"Bad Churchmen" if you like, but who shall dare say that they were not good Christians?

It is frequently argued that there is better fellowship at the street corner or the football match than in the church.

If this is true, I am sure it is because at the street corner, and perhaps in the public-house, a man is himself—however imperfect that self may be. In too many churches he is unnatural. He adopts a pose and finds his satisfaction in an escape from reality instead of an approach to it.

Those pew minds

GIVE me an honest heathen before a modern Pharisee, because he is at least real and vital. Actually, of course, he is not a heathen at all.

Jesus Christ realised where the supreme danger lay, and that is the reason for His strictures upon the Pharisees and His meals with publicans and sinners.

But I want to be fair. I believe that a great deal of the harm and misery in this world is caused neither consciously nor deliberately. The trouble is that people have worn spectacles (often gold-rimmed and always comfortable) so long that they really believe the world they see through them to be the true one.

Just as there is a slum mind which is partially at any rate induced by the environment of filthy streets and miserable houses, so there is a pew mind which is largely the outcome of continuous contact with a church whose doors are grudgingly opened to admit the chosen few, instead of being wide-flung, so that what was their dim, religious light becomes a warm and welcoming beam thrown out into the roadway to guide those who seek solace and refuge, and know not where to find it.

And how would you describe the man who never goes to church except to see his friends married or his loved ones laid to rest, but who plays fair with his fellows, is both just and merciful, and serves his present age?

You could hardly call him a good Churchman, but he probably is a magnificent Christian. And I would go further and say that possibly it is the Church's fault if he is not a good Churchman.

Following the Master

DO not think that I have lost faith in the Church. I believe in it passionately as the source of spiritual power, as a fellowship in consecration, as a place where, first of all, the family life of God can and ought to be enjoyed.

To such a Church the honest heathen sooner or later, just because he is honest, will be drawn.

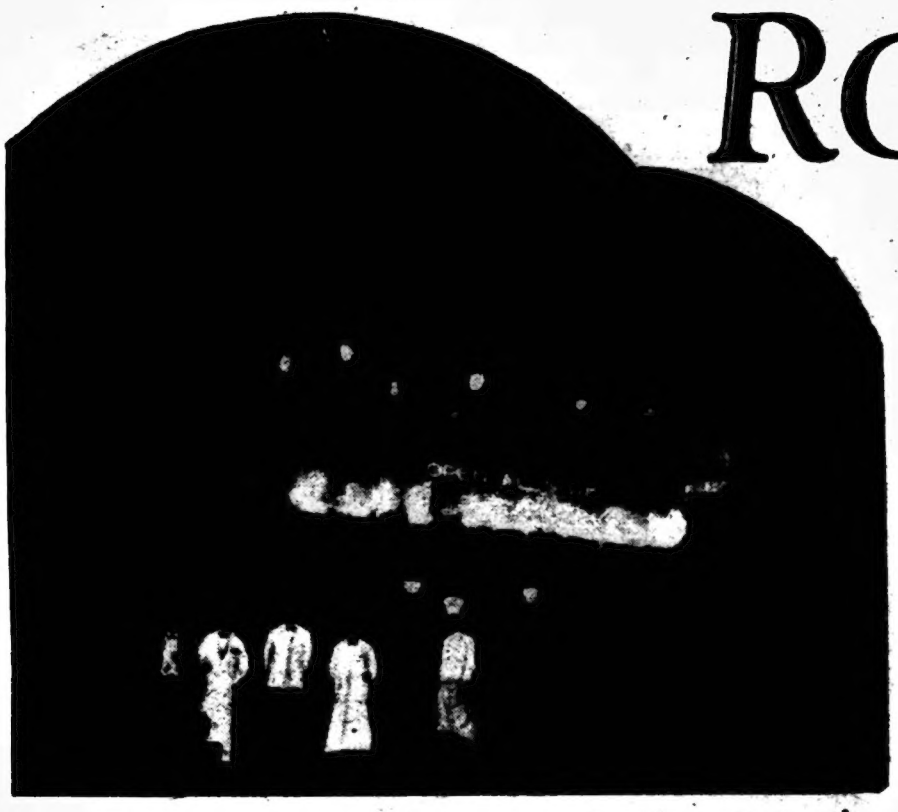
It is precisely because I hold such a high conception of the Church that I myself have often been accused of being a bad Churchman.

For as things are now, if I had to make a choice between being a good Churchman in the commonly accepted sense of the word on the one hand, or allying myself, on the other, with folk who perhaps find uniformity of creed impossible, but who walk in the ways of peace and practise social justice and strive for the elimination of poverty as duties under God, then I should choose the second course, knowing full well that here was true Churchmanship.

But the Church has not failed utterly, for, believe me, there is growing up within its walls a new generation who have caught something of the great human message of its Master. They are bad Churchmen now. They will be the pillars of the Church that is to be.

The New Country Life is on its Trial

ROADHOUSE



The pictures on these pages were taken by a "John Bull" photographer in the early hours of the morning at this popular roadhouse on the outskirts of London

THE American roadhouse, pruned of its vice but little of its glamour, has come to England.

Already there are more than sixty here, distributed over the busiest arterial roads radiating from London and other big cities and pouring their light into the dark all through the night.

Within six months or so the figure will be doubled.

The increasing road traffic has led to the opening up of countless old coaching inns which have taken on a new and prosperous lease of life.

But the roadhouses have gone one better. They are not content to offer facilities for refreshment alone. Wayfarers may linger here to dance or bathe in bright and luxurious surroundings.

Within two years they will be found on every main road in the country, an accepted part of our normal life. And Britain will be all the livelier and merrier for their coming.

But shall we be better for them?

The licensing trade, seeing in them a new rival to the licensed house, is beginning to ask itself that question.

The clergy are watching them carefully, but anxious not to judge them one way or another on a few months' experience.

Not booze palaces

Parents, too, having the evidence of their own eyes that here is some new magnet to hold their nineteen-year-olds out until the small hours, are not always convinced when sons and daughters tell them: "You mustn't be old-fashioned. These places are not booze palaces. They're quite as respectable as dance-halls."

The police are watching and wondering, too. At present these night rendezvous have given very little trouble, one breach of the licensing laws being the sum total of their misdemeanours.

There is no doubt about it, the new English roadhouses are on trial. It depends upon how they are conducted during the next twelve months whether they become fugitive, on-the-run institutions like the West End night clubs or places where old and young alike may meet and enjoy life without feeling shame or loss of dignity.

Already there are people who are ready to decry the roadhouses. And the lesson should not escape their proprietors. They will be wise to develop cautiously, seeking the shillings of the sensible many rather than the pounds of the wild, harum-scarum few.

Many of the critics appear to be under the impression that the English roadhouse is a prototype of the American variety, of which the Hollywood films present a terrifying, if a melodramatic, picture.

The Yankee way

In them one sees gangsters prowling through Jacobean booze-parlours in search of men who have "squealed"; Beer Barons listen to the beautiful women who would reform them, and are mowed down by sawn-off shot-guns in the moment when they decide to abandon their nefarious careers for Love; scheming women weave their webs over luxurious lounges—and wait in armchairs for their victims. . . .

Another criticism is based on the fact that although most of the English roadhouses have no drinking licences, anyone may take along his own bottle and consume the contents with impunity.

"The practice is growing with alarming rapidity," Lord Farrer, the chairman of the Surrey Public House Trust, said recently. "There is no law in existence which can prevent it, and I have no hesitation in saying that it cuts at the very roots of the whole system of licensing."

Yes, the roadhouses must expect many critics. And they must take care.

They are a big innovation, one of the biggest since the kinema came to change our lives, and they have tremendous possibilities both for good and evil.

• • •

Let us see the English roadhouses as motorists and others saw them on a recent night when the moon was full and the sky crystal-clear—the sort of night when it is good to be out.

One, near enough to London to get the crowds who had driven out for a "run," resembled a Swiss chalet. There was another that looked almost Moorish.

Yet a third was like a collection of mediæval buildings; and a fourth was done in grotto style, dining-rooms and lounges and dance-hall looking for all the world as if they had been carved out of the solid rock on a remote part of the Cornish coast.

One roadhouse tried to arrest the eye of the motorist with a gigantic Union Jack; another with strings of bunting; another with dazzling lights that seemed to outshine Piccadilly out there where the fields around were dark and silent.

In contrast were others that tried to lay claim to being "exclusive" by hanging back from the road and looking as dignified and unobtrusive as the best type of West End club.

Five had their own swimming baths. The bathers at one were excited because they had heard of another roadhouse in the making where there would be a lake and—so it was said—speed boat trips throughout the night.

• • •

Now let us look inside.

At almost any hour of the night or morning nearly half the guests in them were people under the age of twenty-five, many of them mere boys and girls. But of what widely different types. . . .

There were some for whom you feared.

"I can tell you a yarn to beat that," said a girl whose voice was husky with whisky. She was not more than nineteen, and she was only a little less drunk than her boy companion.

"Bes' 'uck, waiter," said a mere boy, a triangle of fair hair hanging over one of his bloodshot eyes.

The waiter turned away without a smile or comment as the boy raised a flask to his lips. He had no right to complain, yet one felt that he turned away because it was the only mild reproach he could make.

"These boys who come in their fathers' cars are usually the same," he told a sensible-looking pair at the next table—a boy and girl both obviously under twenty, the girl with a theatre programme on the table beside her meal. "It seems to spoil any young fellow, having the use of his father's car," he added.

The few fools . . .

"You can tell the young men who have bought cars out of the money they have earned themselves, and they seem a sensible kind, somehow. Different from those poor creatures."

There was another boy just like him a few tables away.

"Thought the cop was going to signal me to stop," he said, in a high-pitched voice. "If he had, he'd have knocked me off for being tight. But I don't give a damn."

Pathetic young fools, this minority—but of course they were outnumbered ten to one by normal, sensible couples. Girls who wore engagement rings, and wanted that ogling youth with the high-

After a meal, dance away an hour of the night before your homeward journey

The roadhouse swimming bath and a visitor about to take the plunge

—Shall We be Better for Them?

A swim, with the moon glistening on the water—and, afterwards, something to warm the night air . . .

pitched voice to notice the fact. Men who looked well about them before choosing chairs for the women they escorted, knowing that profanities are apt to fly wherever there is gaiety in the early hours, and anxious that their womenfolk should escape them.

Young women, too, who looked challengingly—rather contemptuously—at youths who had allowed liquor to rule their tongues—the sort of look that said: "Your wretched type was responsible for girls being sent to bed at 9.30 years ago. You made night 'not respectable' for a girl. But I'm dashed if you are going to have any such effect on me!"

The humble cyclist

All the time people came and went: theatregoers, on their way by car from London to their homes in the country, calling for a meal; little parties that had come out from their city homes for a breath of fresh air—and a hot dish before they turned back; long-distance travellers, glad to have found such a happy place to break their journey; a cyclist, oily, but not out of place, because it is no social offence to be oily on the road.

"When does the dance finish?" said a young man, hearing music and the rhythm of feet from a dance-hall at the back of the premises. "Oh, an extension till three? Good! Come on, Joan."

Everywhere the staff does its utmost to see that these people shall enjoy themselves—and, wisely, the guests who can't behave themselves are allowed very little rope. The result is that roadhouses are, on the whole, remarkably well conducted, considering that they are dedicated to Pleasure and the Night.

* * *

All that on a moonlit evening. But the roadhouses of England become very different places when the whole country is dark and unfriendly, the road surface treacherous, and wet macadam plays dangerous tricks of reflection with the headlamps—when drivers feel that they can't drive another mile without food and rest, then the lights of the roadhouse become as the flashes of a lighthouse to a mariner.

It is at such times that you realise fully that these places fulfil a very real function.

At one roadhouse, the waiters tell how the Prince of Wales called on one wild night. "And this was the first one of them he ever visited," they conclude.

Then one remembers the many hotels that still display proudly the sign: "Queen Victoria broke her journey here in 18—," and reflects that other days have other ways.

* * *

You might go to a dozen roadhouses in a night and not see an example of really bad behaviour or a single curious incident. Yet the staffs can tell some strange stories.

One has a regular nightly visitor, a woman who sits at a table morosely and glares at all the other guests. For three hours at a time she stays, her head in her hands. Yet she has never attempted to speak to anyone except the waiters.

Secret of the vigil

Not until a few weeks ago did they learn the reason for her visits and her unusual behaviour—that she suffered from eternal headaches that made sleep impossible; that she motored out every night to this place where there were lights and life and people to make her own existence just bearable.

Early one morning, a roadhouse received a 'phone call from the police, who had reason to believe that certain car-bandits had called there an hour before.

The management had no difficulty in recalling them. There had been a fierce-looking man with a black moustache, a smaller and milder-looking man who had completely hidden himself in a gigantic waterproof cape, and a youth.

It was even remembered that the one who wore the cape said something suspicious to the car-park attendant before he left—the sort of thing that only a bandit would say. And so the management was able to give the authorities some information about them.

The next night the whole party returned. The man in the cape was a Canon of the Church of England, and the suspicious remark had a perfectly innocent explanation.

Yes, it is usually the honest citizen with a perfectly good reason for wanting a meal at midnight who keeps the roadhouses going and justifies their existence.

Sanctuary!

The telephone bell rings.

"We're speaking from an A.A. box near Horsham," says a voice. "We shall be passing your place about 1 a.m. Will you have anything hot? Now, what we would like better than anything on earth are sausages. . . . Oh, fine."

And again.

"Hello! Have you any place where we can dry our clothes if we get along at midnight? Had a puncture, you know, and raining like the devil down here. We're so darned miserable. A full meal with sweets, you say? Thank heaven for that."

The manager sets down the 'phone. "Those people are the salt of the earth, as far as we are concerned," he says.

The next caller drunkenly asks if he and a couple of pals can be supplied with a bottle of whisky if they call at two? They are just leaving Portsmouth.

"No, I am afraid you can't," the manager says.

"And they are the sort of people who are no good to us at all," he said, after he had put down the receiver.

Confound the cranks

It is a fact that the English roadhouses can never resemble in any way their bad, bad brothers across the Atlantic as portrayed in the films from Hollywood. We have imported the idea, but we have our own way of doing things—the sensible, typically British way.

And already they are finding employment for large numbers of people. They have proved a boon to musicians thrown out of work by the talkies, for most road-houses maintain their own orchestra.

If the promoters of these enterprises run them on behalf of the sensible, honest majority of people, the few undesirables will soon fall away, and the cranks will have nothing to criticise.

The Golden Cup

"There is more real inspiration to be found in a hospital ward than anywhere else on earth," says Philip Inman. And after you have read "The Golden Cup" you will agree with him.

This book was written by Mr. Inman for a great cause—all the proceeds are to go to help Charing Cross Hospital in its fight against sickness and disease.

You will find "The Golden Cup" a real inspiration. It is published by Geoffrey Bles and may be obtained through any bookseller. price 2s. 6d. net.

YOUR WORD *is* OUR BONDAGE

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MONTAGU NORMAN

DEAR MONTAGU NORMAN,—This letter is, of course, a tribute. We all pay bankers tribute.

Why we should, we do not know, but we go on doing it. We used to think that the Bank of England belonged to England. Sometimes now we almost fear that England belongs to the Bank.

For years we were proud to believe that, if we worked, we got the money that we earned, and that, if we slaved hard enough in business, the profits were ours.

Recently, we have discovered that if you say one thing, our money is worth much less than it was, and that if you say another, we are richer because you have spoken.

"Safe as the Bank of England," we have said, with pride. We have spoken of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street with awe.

It was our refuge and our strength. Yea, it was the Ark of the Tabernacle, impersonal, far removed from our sight.

But then you came along and, a dozen years ago, you became Governor. You were the first Governor whose name we ever knew. You became as mysterious as Basil Zaharoff, as elusive as Charlie Chaplin on a holiday, as handsome as Cunninghame-Graham with his Vandyke beard, as quick to rush about as Ramsay MacDonald in his aeroplane.

If you went to Brussels for a week-end, the money markets of the world trembled, lest francs or marks or dollars were going up, or down, or across somewhere. Once, when you travelled to America, all the millions of American trade unionists feared that they were faced with all-round wage reductions.

In the beginning, we did not take you seriously. You seemed just like any other non-stop variety turn. When, suddenly, you climbed up a rope ladder to board a liner already at sea, we thought you were one of those devil-may-care fellows, out for a lark. If you dashed somewhere by aeroplane, we thought what a sport you were. The greater the mystery you became, the more we thought, "Ah, bankers are safer when they say they hate publicity."

But now, gradually, we are beginning to understand that, in the interests of the people who are to come after us, you and the institution of which you are head must be controlled by the nation.

We sweat, and we save, or we starve. But, all the time, the money lords are the lords of everything. We can control everything except money. We are its slaves. We worship it.

Bankers are still our demi-gods. When will they cease to compel our worship?

You, of course, have a personal reputation that is beyond blame. Your modest mien is almost one of chivalry. You have kept London the money market of the world. And your word is your bond.

* * *

But your word is becoming our bond. We are enslaved to a system which we do not understand, but which we must master unless we are to continue mere serfs to interests so vast that none should control them except all governments working in unison.

"Finance," they said, when the last Government fell. Bankers were behind all the manœuvring which made Ramsay MacDonald panicky.

Lloyd George, after years of accepting advice from the bankers of the City, turned on them in derision.

"They are a lot of penguins," he said. "I have never known them right."

To-day, right in the heart of the City, new great banking palaces are built, wonders of luxury. The King's palace looks shabby beside them. Inside them, mysterious people do mysterious things. They wink, and money is dearer, or they beam, and its value falls.

Because of the wink, coffee is burned in far-away Brazil, while people starve, or, because of the smile, in far-distant Arizona farmers invade the towns with shot-guns, to loot the grocers' shops. At least, that is how it seems to us. We see a world plentiful with food—and yet people go hungry.

"The earth is the Lord's," it says over the Royal Exchange, "and the fullness thereof."

It is neither the Lord's nor the people's. Money owns it all—and a few people control the money.

* * *

In the olden days, in the secret temples of Egypt, men ruled by fear and mystery. Now Priestcraft is ended. Moneycraft, to-day, is the great secret which the world must solve.

Yes, Montagu, you have the Norman blood. We have only the simple faith.

Until we learn what it is you do, until we have mastered intricacies of figuring which to you are mere child's sums, we shall all remain the victims of a credit system which, in these days, means power of everything. Kings are as much its slaves as are the homeless people in the streets.

Once, Disraeli, wanting money to buy shares in the Suez Canal, told the Governor of the Bank of England to go to the devil.

It wants someone like that to-day—a man who will say to bankers what he must say first to his own soul: "There are no lions in my way. They exist only in my mind."

If we all said that, you would disappear.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. SIR JOHN GILMOUR,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Your annual report says that small-holders have weathered the agricultural depression in a remarkable way.

Praise is good, but practical assistance is better.

So you might prepare the marketing schemes that small-holders urgently need for the better sale of their produce.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. MILNER,
Coroner for Leeds

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for heeding my frequent exposures of the legal vultures who prey on the relatives of persons killed in street accidents.

A lodging-house keeper received a "touting circular" and a form—already filled in and authorising an action for damages—respecting the death of one of his lodgers. You intend to send the papers to the Law Society.

Other coroners, please note.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CECIL WHITELEY, K.C.: Glad you intend passing heavy sentences on car bandits and have already made good start. That will succeed where arming the public would fail.—JOHN BULL.

GEORGE ALFRED THOMAS,
Stratford, London, E.

THIEF,—You deserve your two months in jail for stealing paint and trade secrets from your employers.

It is said that you were paid thirty shillings a week by a rival firm to supply it with samples of your employers' goods, and with the secrets involved in their manufacture.

I wish the name of that firm had been mentioned in court. I should have liked to place it on record.

JOHN BULL.

DAVID WILLIAMS,
Llandudno Junction

DEAR DAVID,—"I'll be late with my deliveries if I don't get a move on," you said the other day. So, having climbed nearly forty yards up the sheer face of a quarry and rescued a trapped youth, you mounted your bicycle and rode away.

For a sixteen-year-old grocer's assistant, you have both courage and a sense of duty.

But perhaps they are the same thing, after all.

JOHN BULL.

Lieut. W. G. L. MATTINSON,
2nd Battalion, Royal Tank Corps

DEAR SIR,—You and the other five Army officers who tried to hold up motorists on a lonely road "for a joke" must have a poor sense of humour.

You were lucky not to have been knocked down. Luckier still to be fined only £2 each.

So lucky, in fact, that I hope the matter will not be overlooked by your superior officers.

JOHN BULL.

SIR JOHN REITH, B.B.C.: Glad to hear that five millionth radio licence will soon be issued. So now still more people will criticise you!—JOHN BULL.

Miss E. W. SCOTT,
Durham Playing Fields Association

DEAR MADAM,—Durham has the highest percentage of unemployed of any English county.

Yet many of its playing-fields have grass eighteen inches high, huge boulders and broken glass. It nearly broke your heart, you say, seeing children trying to play in them.

Why not give some of the workless the job of keeping them in order?

JOHN BULL.

Councillor W. BOURNE,
Willington, Durham

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I sympathise with the aged people who have served your district well and would be happy if they could get a two-roomed house.

But the Ministry of Health has refused permission to build the necessary thirty houses. You blame the Whitehall officials and not the Minister.

Well, the sooner he reverses his subordinates' refusal, the better.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED J. PHELPS,
Islington, London, N.

DEAR PHELPS,—You have a wonderful gift for friendship, though you have carried it too far.

When a man named Staples was committed to prison for a month for arrears of rates, you served the sentence in his stead. But when you attempted the deception a second time, it was detected.

Now Staples must serve four months in the second division.

The police said that he was doing badly in his business, and that you were anxious to help.

You may have chosen a wrong and foolish way, but I admire your spirit.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROGER WATSON,
Jesmond Dene, Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR,—When told that a neighbour was lying in a pool of water, you first went to see if it was true, then set off to telephone to the police.

That done, you pulled the woman out. The coroner said that the delay was not responsible for her death.

But remember in future that delay can prove fatal.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. H. CAMPBELL,
Carlisle

REV. SIR,—You object to the State-controlled taverns in Carlisle because they are "palatial and beautiful."

You also complain—quite seriously—that there is no stigma on those who enter model public-houses.

I can't believe you would prefer the dingy drinking-dens of the past. And only fanatics revile a temperate drinker as a bad citizen.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM ALLAN,
Glasgow

SCAMP,—Your sentence of twelve months' imprisonment on eleven charges of fraud and theft is too lenient.

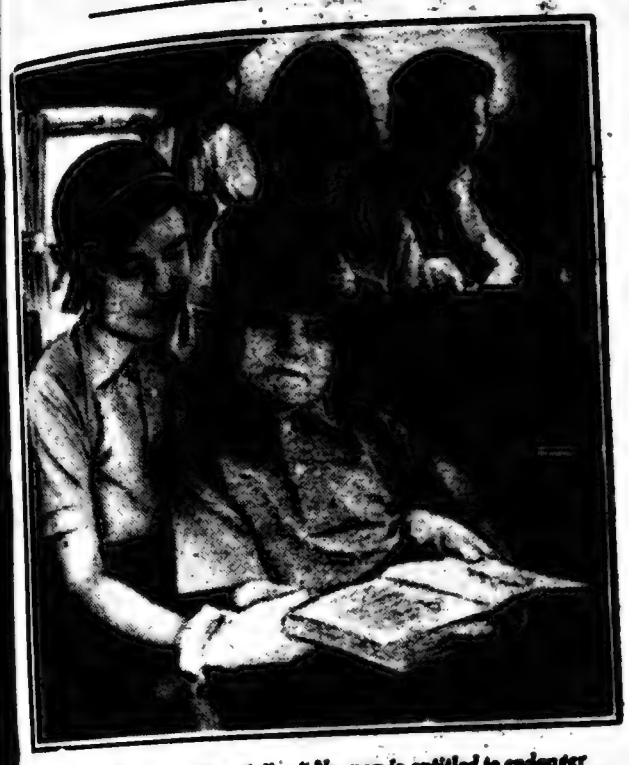
You swindled an old woman of eighty, who had befriended you, of nearly all her savings, and robbed her of small articles of jewellery before decamping.

That alone deserved twelve months in jail.

JOHN BULL.

A PROTEST *by* A. G. GARDINER:

No More Air Stunts



"The Flying Family"—"No man is entitled to endanger the lives of his children in a reckless and profitless adventure . . .

. . . the only purpose of which would seem to be sensational notoriety"

WE are all glad that the Hutchinson "Flying Family" were rescued and we are grateful to those who were the means of rescue.

But I hope Mr. Hutchinson and those associated with him in his adventure will not mistake public satisfaction at their safety for public approval of their folly.

The public is getting surfeited with stunts and this was a particularly reckless and fatuous one. It had no scientific purpose and no practical motive.

If Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson wanted to bring their family to Europe there were a hundred ways in which they could have done so in perfect security and more speedily than they could hope to do by the means they chose.

Nor can they be such innocents as to have supposed that they were fitted to blaze a new air route across the Atlantic. That route may be of importance in the future and its possibilities are being carefully explored in connection with the Watkins' enterprise in Greenland.

But no possible light could be thrown on it by people so irresponsible as to risk, not only their own lives, but the lives of their two young children, in such a gamble with death.

If Mr. Hutchinson, who is said to be a qualified pilot, had made the attempt alone we might have thought he was foolhardy, but we should have had no right to protest. But no man is entitled to endanger the lives of children, even though they are his own children, in a reckless and profitless adventure, the only purpose of which would seem to be sensational notoriety.

Price of folly

And there is another aspect of the matter which gives the public the right to protest against their follies. They are undertaken on the assumption that if anything goes wrong all the resources of civilisation will be summoned to save them from the disaster that is invited.

That assumption is, of course, well-founded. It is one of the splendid qualities of human nature that it cannot be indifferent to the cry of distress. If there is life to be saved there is no consideration that is put in the balance against the duty of saving it.

In this case, as in so many others, every available aeroplane and boat within reach of the probable scene of the disaster was diverted to the task of rescue. Without this instant and uncalculating response Mr. Hutchinson and his comrades would not now be in safety. Their bodies would be dispersed about the icy Greenland seas.

If anyone, hearing the call, had failed to respond to it, public opinion would have condemned him as lacking in the elementary humanities. And justly so. We cannot leave people to perish if there is a possibility of saving them. Least of all can we allow helpless women and children to perish unaided.

But if this is so it follows surely that adventures like those of the Hutchinsons are not merely personal affairs. They are affairs in which the public has a very practical interest.

It is no small thing for ships laden with passengers and cargo to be hurriedly summoned for hundreds of miles out of their course and kept scouring remote seas perhaps for days. The cost of these searches in connection with the multitude of Atlantic flying misadventures must amount to a vast sum, and the indirect loss is even greater.

It is this fact which justifies the public in saying that the stunt business must stop.

Magnificent risks

There is, of course, no disposition to interfere with legitimate adventure. The conquest of the air may or may not be a blessing to mankind; but having been achieved, our business is to make it as efficient, serviceable and safe as possible. And without the spirit of adventure and the readiness to take great risks the art of flying would not have made the astonishing progress it has.

Achievements like those of Sir Alan Cobham, Amy Johnson, J. F. Mollison and Col. Lindbergh were not stunts. They involved great risks, but those risks were taken for great ends and they were taken with the maximum of care, knowledge and preparation.

There was never a greater feat of calculated heroism than when Lindbergh took his life in his hand and showed that it was practicable for one man to fly across the Atlantic between dawn and dawn.

Amy Johnson's flight to Australia was hardly less splendid and inspiring, and Mollison's feat in first crossing the Atlantic alone from east to west places him among the great adventurers of the air, whose achievements constitute an invaluable contribution to the science of aviation.

But there is no connection between these great adventures with a purpose and the follies of flying which have strewn the Atlantic with so many lamentable failures.

The Lindberghs and Mollisons proved something which enlarged the possibilities of the science and which was worth proving at the risk of their lives. And they proved it without involving others in the consequences which they invited.

Having proved it, they were content. Nothing reflected more credit on Mollison than his decision to cancel his return flight from America. He had accomplished what he had set out to do and what had never been done before. He was not entitled to risk his life in doing something which had been done before.

But the people who light-heartedly set out to fly the Atlantic for the sake of advertisement have nothing to prove. If they get across safely they have not added to our knowledge. If they go down, as most of them do, either they disappear for ever like the recent pair who set out for Norway or they are rescued like the Hutchinsons at the cost of infinite disturbance to the traffic of the sea.

It is time to stop the *stunts*, both in the air and on the water.

Legitimate adventure there must be and will be. But it should be adventure with a purpose that breaks new ground. It should not be adventure for adventure's sake, still less for the sake of notoriety.

I am glad in this connection to see that Lord Wakefield will not finance any further speed-boat experiments. They have exhausted their service to science and have become merely spectacular risks—in a word, stunts.

Suppress them!

I am glad also to think that the protests made in these columns and elsewhere against stunt flying in the R.A.F. have at last borne fruit. The disasters in connection with them had become a public scandal as well as a source of vast waste of public money.

And the Atlantic stunt should be similarly suppressed.

Serious attempts by competent aviators under proper conditions and after due preparation must not be disallowed, but it should not be possible for any foolish person who wants to figure in the newspaper headlines to set the mercantile marines of the world scouring the seas to find him dead or alive.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell on—

The Tragedy of KIVEI-LI

ARE you surprised that my eyes flash fire,
Just as they do on the stage?
I am playing a big emotional part,
And tense are the feelings that grip my heart
Of sorrow and righteous rage.

I feel like a woman greatly wronged—
Such as you meet in a play!
For the health officials have come between
Me and my darling. In quarantine
They've put him for months to stay!

To smuggle him past the danger zone
(Just as a heroine would
In melodrama), I bravely tried,
But the villains foiled me. "Ha, ha!"
they cried,
In bitter, triumphant mood.

And so my darling in durance vile
Must eat out his heart each day,
Until in the last act they restore
My love to my loving arms once more—
Just as they do in a play!

To remove any possible misconception, I must make it plain that when I refer to "my darling" I mean Kivei-li, the dearest, duckiest little Pekinese.

A little while ago the two of us went to the Riviera, but the holiday which I had hoped would do us both good was darkened by the shadow of impending disaster. A strange premonition—strengthened, perhaps, by the fact that I was fully aware of the quarantine regulations—warned me that I might be parted from my pet.

This is why I tried to smuggle the darling into England by hiding him in the lining of my hatbox. But, alas, the lynx-eyed minions of a soulless officialdom discovered him, with the result that I was fined £10, and my precious was ordered into quarantine for six months.

I think this is too horribly unjust! Here am I to be deprived of his society (except that I can visit him every week-day afternoon) for six whole months—and for what purpose? Simply to keep the country free from rabies!

As if Kivei-li would condescend to have rabies! It's only among the canine lower orders that one encounters such complaints.

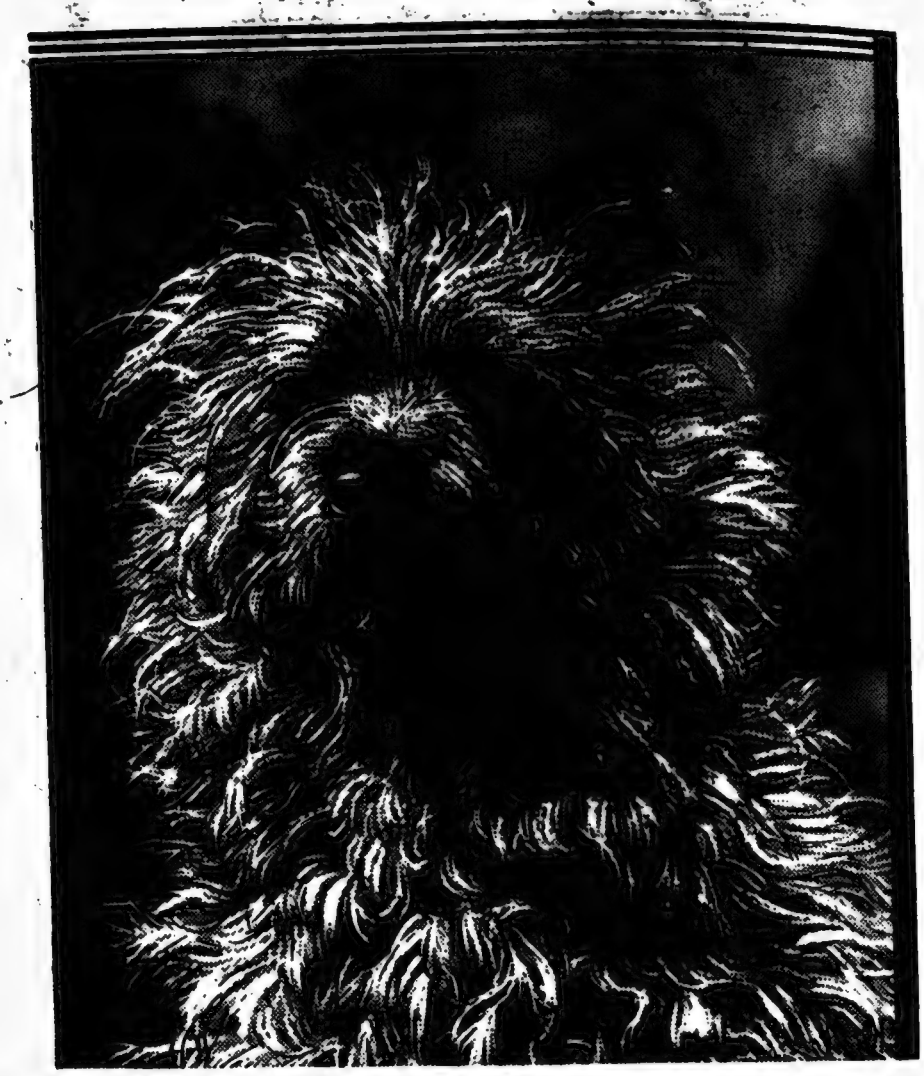
Soulless critics say that the risk of a nervous breakdown that I run through being divorced from my darling is nothing compared with the risk of hydrophobia which other people and other people's dogs would run if the quarantine regulations were not enforced.

But I object to Kivei-li being compared with other people's dogs. He is not a common, barking, bone-loving dog, but a drawing-room toy that has been used to his mistress's lap all his life, and it is heartbreaking to think of his having to live among strange dogs who probably won't understand his delicate, sensitive nature.

I have no objection to quarantine,
For dogs of a baser breed, I mean,
Who're prone to fleas and rabies,
But mine is a doggie of finer clay,
Who is better mannered in ev'ry way
Than many plebeian babies.

To snatch from his mistress a pet like mine—
Have you *seen* the darling? He's too *divine*!—
May possibly be quite lawful;
But I consider it quite absurd,
Unjust, impertinent—in a word,
It's simply Pygmalion awful!

There's always *HAPPINESS* when there's a HEALTHY Dog about the House



FIRST thing in the morning, even the brightest kitchen can seem bleak and unfriendly. But not if there is a healthy dog waiting to welcome you and give you a happy start on your day. And he goes through the day as he began—happy when you take him out; happy to be with you when you go in again. Happy even when you leave him in charge of the house—although he can't understand why he should be left—and wildly happy when you come home again.

All the time he is giving—giving right up to the limit of his strength and health. In millions of homes a healthy dog is giving happiness where otherwise there would be periods of loneliness and emptiness. Yet there are still a few people who put up with a half-healthy dog, not knowing the fine standard of condition their dog is capable of reaching.

Your dog's condition depends entirely on the purity of his blood. This is so because a dog's skin is non-porous, and, consequently he cannot purify his blood by perspiring. Food impurities are continually entering the bloodstream, and unless you provide him with a corrective he will never know what it is to be really healthy.

The blood corrective which all thoughtful owners, including the famous Breeders, give to their dogs is Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system. In this way, Bob Martin's Condition Powders give your dog glorious *condition*, happy manner, tireless energy and keep him free from the common blood ailments (listed below) and the suffering which accompanies them.

21 years' companionship.

Do we get a fair reward for our care in giving our dogs this splendid fitness? Read these two letters and judge for yourself. The first is from Mr. Ronald C. Vining of Perry Rise, London, S.E. "..... my dog is only a mongrel, but I have had him for 11½ years. He is as healthy as ever, and this year walked fourteen miles with me, without showing any fatigue.

"I put his splendid condition down to the use of Bob Martin's Condition Powders. He has practically no dog complaints the only one being swellings between the toes, but this is soon remedied with the Powders."

The second is from Mr. Lewis Waterhouse of Bramley, nr. Leeds:—"My Retriever dog Peter is well-known in this district as he has collected a good deal of money for the Hospitals. I got Peter when he was six weeks old, and since then he has had Bob Martin's Condition Powders regularly, and he is now 10 years old, has a wonderful coat, and is splendidly healthy. I put it all down to Bob Martin's Condition Powders."

Every Chemist, dog biscuit shop and store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

The cheerful companionship of a healthy dog lightens everyday tasks

And he's the best pal in the world for the youngsters

Keep him healthy—Bob Martin's Condition Powders are easy to give, being tasteless

The price your dog pays to live with you

Dogs have gained a great deal since they left their wild state and joined man's family circle, **but they have lost the means of keeping themselves in condition.**

Nature's plan to keep dogs healthy is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses and herbage. But these are beyond your dog's reach, among the valleys and moorlands, and unless you provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood in the same way as Nature's blood correctives he cannot enjoy vigorous health, and you will never know the fine companionship a well-conditioned dog can give.

Why are dog lovers so thoughtless?

When a dog becomes **listless, scratches excessively or goes off his food,** Bob Martin's Condition Powders promptly restore his condition, and bring back his happy spirits. But there is no reason why any dog should get into such low condition. These common ailments are due to impure blood, and signs of impure blood can always be recognised many days before the dog goes right out of condition, by the absence of "bloom" from the coat. Every dog's coat is distinguished by a healthy "bloom" when it is nourished by rich, pure blood. When this "bloom" begins to go, provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Also in ONE SHILLING Boxes.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Cure and prevent LISTLESSNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, LOOSE COAT, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, ECZEMA and SWELLINGS between the TOES by purifying the blood and toning up the whole system

After the Siege of Piccadilly Circus — An entrance to the fun fair premises guarded by constables

FUN FAIR KING EXPOSED

by Sir Wyndham Childs

FROM a number of sources I learn that very soon three or four tempting-looking propositions by new entertainment companies will be offered to small investors.

When the appeals for money are made it will be found that they relate to the formation up and down the country of chains of fun fairs, winter gardens, sports parks and the like.

The information I have already obtained regarding the quarters from which these offers are likely to emanate is sufficient to justify the urging of the greatest caution by prospective subscribers to the companies.

I shall be happy to advise JOHN BULL readers as to the genuineness or prospects of any venture of the kind which may be put before them.

There is no doubt that the promoters of the contemplated companies will use as bait for investors the success of the privately-owned indoor amusement centres conducted by experienced showmen which have lately been established in many populous areas.

Piccadilly riot

These are replicas of the old-fashioned country fairs and they are being staged in large halls, covered enclosures and in blocks of converted offices and shops. They contain among their attractions the usual wild-west shows, temples of mystery, mechanical "thrillers," and a zoo.

Perhaps the most ambitious enterprise of the kind is one which was started not long ago at the very hub of London—near the junction of Haymarket and Piccadilly Circus.

There was general surprise at the idea of a fun fair arising in a position so pretentious, but the promoting syndicate, with a Harley Street doctor at its head, regarded the prospects as good enough to pay a yearly rental of, I understand, £10,000 for the premises.

Extraordinary events, ending in a riot and tumult, occurred at this establishment the other week-end. My purpose is to reveal the people who were in the background of this astonishing affair and to let the public know the type of men who are imposing themselves upon this new branch of the entertainment industry.

In the early hours of Sunday morning a party of fifty ex-Guardsmen, hired for the job, entered and seized the Piccadilly fun fair and barricaded it.

They took possession in the name of two individuals, Charles Deakin and Calcott Reilly, who claimed by some means or other to have acquired the tenancy of the valuable premises.

Strange explanation

An ugly battle followed, in which iron bars, heavy straps and bludgeons were used. Some men had to be taken to hospital and a number were arrested after a baton charge by fifty policemen and are now awaiting trial.

When the siege was raised and the dispossessed owners of the fair were able to resume occupation three days later they found that five baboons and monkeys in the zoo of the fair were dead and most of the other beasts were roaming at large.

Deakin made the astonishing declaration to justify the raid and seizure of the premises that, possession being nine points of the law, he had used force instead of litigation to obtain it.

I can well understand why this man is none too eager to be in proximity to the law.

Since the beginning of this year Deakin has been a despicable figure in various entertainment schemes. His policy has been to get everything he wanted for nothing and to clear out without mercy for his victims.

He walked out

He induced one man who knew nothing about amusement catering to join with him in promoting what was known as the Jubilee Fair at Harlesden, Middlesex, the understanding being that they would contribute equally to the capital required.

When the partner had parted with about £800 and had no more, Deakin failed to contribute his share. Instead he walked out, leaving hundreds of pounds owing to firms which had helped to build and supply the fun fair.

So elusive was Deakin afterwards that, I observed, bankruptcy proceedings against him, which are now pending, had to be instituted by public advertisement of the petition.

He reappeared this summer as the proprietor of the Round Garden Fair at Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex, and had the boldness to take a twenty-one years' lease of the site to give an impression of his stability and permanence.

This was merely another demonstration of the proficiency with which he plays the heads-I-win, tails-you-lose trick.

Tradesmen in the district have lost heavily by the patronage which he so freely gave them and the credits they were persuaded by his glib tongue to give him

The builder, timber merchant, ironmonger, electrician suffered alike with the baker and grocer.

They created his fair for him, supplied all the great quantities of material and labour he demanded, and provided even the foodstuff for the restaurant which was built for the convenience of patrons.

Little or nothing was paid for.

I shall watch—

One night Deakin called upon the landlords and gave them a cheque for an instalment of rent.

A few hours later he decamped from the town, taking with him what was portable from the fair, and leaving only a cup and a kettle. The cheque was dishonoured.

That is the recent history of one of the individuals associated with the newest development of showmanship and of the man who essayed to seize one of the most valuable buildings in London by terrorism and force.

His associate in the claim to the Piccadilly premises is, as I have mentioned, Calcott Reilly.

Only two weeks ago I warned my readers against an unknown and unregistered firm of share-hawkers named Reilly and Co., which had started operations from a Regent Street address peddling the shares of strange gold mine properties in the Dutch East Indies.

Now, I find, Calcott Reilly is alone the mysterious firm of Reilly and Co.

I shall watch with unusual interest his and Deakin's further adventures and intentions in the entertainment world.

A £20,000 *Snowball*

THE audacity of some would-be distributors of the world's commodities is no less astounding than their inventiveness.

Consider the offer now being made by a firm which boasts the title of The Farm and Road Engineering Co., Ltd., and which has headquarters at Avon Vale Works, Pershore.

It is seeking to attract men and women in all parts of the country by pretending that it is possible for them to earn as much as £20,000 by "a few hours' work."

But candidates for this tempting prize are first required to send £1 for a notecase, and to persuade four of their friends to do likewise.

* * *

The directors of the Farm and Road Engineering Co., Ltd., Mr. S. P. V. Phillips and Mr. P. B. Thomas, are frank enough to realise that there may be doubting Thomases among the public.

"You may be inclined to think that there is a catch in it somewhere," they declare. "There is no catch in it, but it is a perfectly sound business proposition."

Although this company's circulars are at great pains to explain the details of the scheme no explanation is offered as to why a farm and engineering concern should be dealing in notecases!

According to the register at Somerset House it is an unimportant company that was formed with the avowed object of carrying on business as "manufacturers and dealers in mechanically propelled vehicles, and to act as husbands in farming operations."

* * *

The present proposition, whatever the circulars may say to the contrary, is nothing more than a variation of the hoary old snowball scheme which has been a favourite device of fee-snatchers for years.

When the three friends of the first applicant have sent their £1 they must find nine other customers, who must find twenty-seven and so on until such stupendous figures are reached that the mind reels.

The enterprising directors of The Farm and Road Engineering Co., Ltd., would be wise to stick to the business for which their company was originally formed—even though they find it much less profitable.

BLACKLIST THEM!

PRIVATE residents in Essex have recently received solicitations by a woman collector for donations to the funds of a concern called the National Adult Cripples Association of "Rosemead," Bush Green, Romford.

The woman has been showing a card bearing the name of Mrs. Arthur Potter.

A local clergyman who asked for particulars was handed a paper showing that of nearly £150 collected only £10 had been used for charitable work, the remainder being taken up in payment of salary and expenses.

This is by no means the first time we have heard of this precious organisation and its efforts.

Not long ago, when collectors were operating in Sussex, a rector who was asked for money was also requested to read a notice from his pulpit in church.

* * *

Another clergyman was asked to provide accommodation, and several ladies who were interested gave sums varying from 5s. to £1.

It is only a month or two ago since a George Arthur Potter was sentenced to three months' hard labour, and the woman who was his associate to one month.

That was at Worthing Police Court and the charge brought home to them was one of "collecting subscriptions by false pretences."

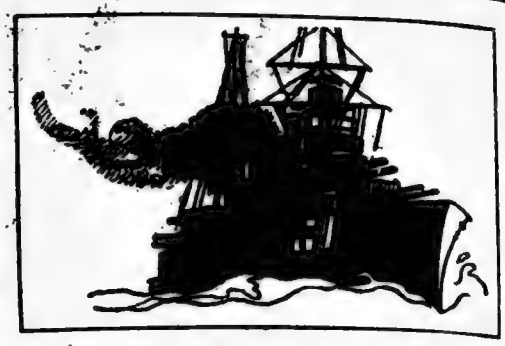
A number of witnesses were called to testify to the fact that they had parted with various sums.

But even a term of imprisonment has not sufficed to sound the death knell of the bogus charitable concern by means of which this precious pair get their living.

The National Adult Cripples Aid Association, which is quite superfluous, should be black-listed by everybody.

Impregnable

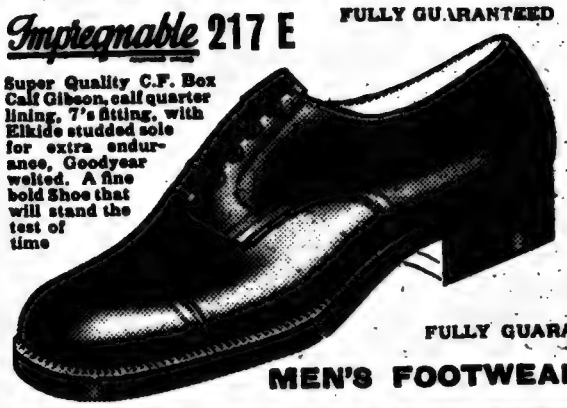
REGISTERED BRAND



BRITAIN'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AGAINST FOOT DISCOMFORT THIS WINTER

Impregnable 217 E FULLY GUARANTEED

Super Quality C.F. Box Calf Gibson, calf quarter lining, 7's fitting, with Elkide studded sole for extra endurance, Goodyear welted. A fine bold Shoe that will stand the test of time



Impregnable B110

A heavy dull Chrome Service Boot with extra stout double soles, nailed at toe, stout heel tip and heavily studded soles. Made screwed and stitched to heel. Ideal for the farm and heavy outdoor worker.

Impregnable 139 A heavy Bright Box Calf Field Boot, leather lined throughout double waterproof tongues, stout double soles of ELKIDE British Made soles.

FULLY GUARANTEED

MEN'S FOOTWEAR

PRICES FROM 12/9 TO 21/-

From all Good Shoe Shops

FULLY GUARANTEED

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT AT THE RUSHDEN Impregnable FACTORIES

Impregnable 5054

A fine quality Box Calf Police Boot, unlined, with extra stout bottoms, rubber heel and super 7 fitting. This boot is a triumph over all climatic conditions.

FULLY GUARANTEED

Made from the highest grade of leather, by skilled British craftsmen, Impregnable Boots are cut, blocked and stitched at John White's Rushden Factories. Each boot or shoe is examined and tested at every stage of manufacture. Through the wettest, roughest winter, no Impregnable boot will ever let you down. It is worth your while to *insist* on Impregnables. You can rely on them for hard, economical service.

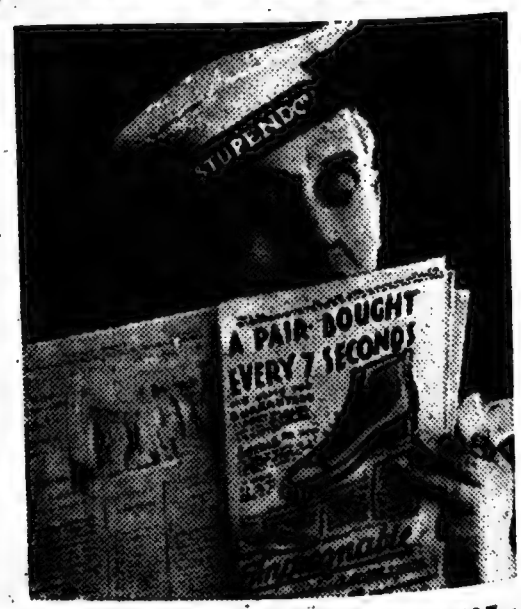
ELKIDE SOLES

(British made)

Exhaustive tests prove that the ELKIDE — a new sole material obtainable exclusively on Impregnable Boots—outlasts three ordinary soles. ELKIDE is a wonderful material — light — flexible — waterproof — and very kind to your feet—try it!

All Impregnable lines are available in youths' sizes.

PRICES 8/9 to 12/9



SPLINTERS—and IMPREGNABLE—in the Navy. Sydney Howard, who stars in the Twickenham Film Studio Production, "Splinters in the Navy."

Wholesale only :—

JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) Ltd., RUSHDEN, NORTHANTS

A MAGNATE'S Mare's Nest

NOT long ago there burst into prominence one Clifford Kemp, who achieved publicity for himself by announcing some of the big things he proposed to achieve in the film world.

As managing director of the Clifford Kemp Film Service, Ltd., of Leeds and Newcastle, he claimed to control the biggest independent organisation operating outside London.

To-day many people who listened to his optimistic stories of his "rapidly growing" business are bitterly repenting their gullibility, and some have lost every penny they possessed.

Investigations which we have made, following a series of complaints that have come to our notice, reveal Clifford Kemp in a very different light from that in which he appeared on making his initial bow to the public.

Woman pays

We find that his stories of prosperity and revolutionary achievements in film circles are without real foundation, and in consequence innocent members of the public have been sadly misled.

One of the worst cases is that of the wife of a retired seafaring man in West Hartlepool, who was so impressed by Kemp's stories that she sank her entire savings—a matter of £600—in his company in the belief that by so doing she would be giving her son an excellent chance in life.

Kemp, in return, promised to instal the young man as manager of a kinema in Scunthorpe at a salary of £6 or more a week.

He painted a rosy picture of the future prospects, and the mother never suspected for one moment that the venture was in any way unsound.

But barely two months after she had paid over the £600 the son returned home with the sorry intimation that there was no more work for him to do, as Clifford Kemp Film Service had gone into liquidation!

When Kemp was taxed about this disappointing climax to his supposedly flourishing schemes, he was profuse in his apologies.

Every penny invested should be refunded, he declared, and as a sign of his lofty intentions, he sent a cheque for £5 on account!

The value of this generous gesture on his part is now rather discounted by the fact that not another penny has been forthcoming, while subsequent cheques he has offered have been dishonoured.

But this poor woman, who has our deepest sympathy, is far from being the only victim of this enterprising kinema magnate.

Clifford Kemp. "His methods of raising money are deserving of the severest censure"

Kinema "kinks"

There is a man who was promised a directorship and a "guaranteed" dividend of 20 per cent. if he invested £250. He did so, but has seen no return whatever.

On the contrary, he is further out of pocket to the tune of £60 which is represented by goods supplied and cash loans to his genial managing director.

Then there is an electrician in Rochdale who was similarly promised handsome dividends and a directorship.

He put £300 into Clifford Kemp Film Service, but has seen no return for his money.

He has not even received his promised director's fees.

Another poor fellow, whose case is before us, was offered the management of a provincial picture-house which Kemp assured him was a paying proposition.

It was only after he had parted with £200 that he found that the theatre in question had been losing money steadily for years.

There are various other employee-investors who have parted with substantial sums in much the same way and who have small prospect of recovering anything.

But while he has been raising funds in this thoroughly reprehensible manner, Kemp has had small concern for the ultimate plight of his many victims.

He has been living in great style at a large hotel in Harrogate, and riding here and there in an expensive car to keep his various business appointments.

To-day the hotel management has an unpaid bill for £80, and Kemp, we find, is "taking a holiday" in Norway.

If further evidence of this man's methods be needed, it may be appropriate to reveal the shameful part he played recently in launching a supposed charitable appeal.

Workless duped

Representing himself as anxious to help the unemployed in the Rothwell district, he organised a concert at the local Empire, thus getting into the limelight as a public benefactor.

In due course a cheque for the proceeds of this concert was forwarded to a local councillor who had been persuaded to give his support to the scheme.

The feelings of this man may be imagined when the cheque—which was drawn in the name of the Clifford Kemp Film Service—was dishonoured by the bank!

To quote the councillor's own words: "There does not appear to be any prospect of this money being obtained from the company."

This disastrous charity venture was followed by a grim tragedy, for the manager of the Rothwell Empire took his life a few days later, leaving a note in which he made bitter reference to Kemp.

Other victims

Various other people are now loudly complaining at the unsatisfactory termination to transactions they have had with the Clifford Kemp Film Service, among them a printer who was given a great deal of work to do for the company.

At first his bills were paid regularly, but they soon fell into arrears, and when they had accumulated to £52 the printer ruefully decided that this was not the kind of business he wanted.

His account is still outstanding, and he now finds that he is only one of a number of trade creditors.

Kemp may be a man with excellent ideas, but the methods he has latterly employed in raising money are deserving of the severest censure.

Fee-Snatching Trio

THE ranks of the fee-snatchers do not grow less. Every day JOHN BULL's postbag reveals that this line of "business" is gaining fresh practitioners.

A newcomer is S. M. Cooper, who "trades" under the name of Mail Order Products, of Queen Street Chambers, Maidenhead. He has the usual profitable spare-time clerical work to offer, but—"we ask for 5s. for full details" he adds.

That is Mr. Cooper's "snag," and we hope that this reference will serve to quell his activities or, at least, to save many from parting with five shillings.

M. Slater, who has previously come to our notice as the X.L. Supply Company, of 1, Station Approach, Slough, Bucks, offers something similar, but is less rapacious in his demand for the "full particulars" fee. All that he wants is 2s. 2d.

Another old hand, A. E. Dean, "Publisher and Business Agent," of 145, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, tells people he circularises that "What you want is more money." Incidentally, he is troubled by the same urge.

His "Short - Cut Home - Earning Course" is cheap—you may have full instructions for 1s. 6d. A minnow amongst the sharks, this one.

See the "Stars"

If you want to make sure of a seat at the great "all star" show to be held at the Palladium on Sunday afternoon, October 2, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital Centenary Fund, you will be wise to book early.

Jack Hylton will be there with his merry boys, and among the other celebrated people in the bill are Violet Loraine, Layton and Johnstone, Mark Hambourg, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Teddy Brown and Leslie Henson.

Doors open at 2 p.m. The prices are 2s. 4d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., etc. Tickets may be obtained from Box Office, Palladium, Argyll Street, London, W., and The National Sunday League, 34, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Cheating Ourselves

A FRIEND of mine, an editor, had lunch with an American visitor recently—not the Mayor of Chicago—and listened with appreciation to his opinion of this country.

Among other things, the American said: "You British people are the soundest in character of any people in the world. We in America know it quite well, but we are not going to own up to it publicly—no, sir!

"That is why the headlines in our daily Press contain as much to the discredit of Britain as we can find or invent. It is our way of comforting ourselves for our consciousness of inferiority in solid moral worth."

This tribute is very agreeable to our national self-esteem, and I understand it was not meant as flattery; it was sincere.

But is it true? Our American admirer would be lynched by some of his compatriots for saying so if they could hear him, but I think he is not far wrong about their state of mind. Human nature is prone to try to blacken that which is better than itself.

I honestly believe that, taken on the whole, we really are as right at heart as any people on the earth.

Nevertheless, it is only too plain to be seen that there are thousands of people in this island home of ours, as everywhere else, who are habitually deceiving themselves about their deserts in life.

We all have a feeling of inferiority in face of our difficulties or in presence of those who have been more successful than we in one way or another.

This feeling does us no harm; it may do us good if it spurs us on to braver and finer effort; but if we cover it up or smother it by giving false reasons for our failures we are in danger of becoming contemptible weaklings.

* * *

The criminal is a weakling who manages to persuade himself that he is a sort of dare-devil hero. He is acting a part all the time and making excuses for himself, because no man can really stand self-contempt for long; he must camouflage his motives.

He transfers his energies to the useless side of life because he has allowed himself to be beaten by the obstacles he had to meet on the useful side.

You and I, reader, are criminals who have not sunk quite so low, as Edgar Wallace used to say. We are guilty of the criminal's mistake every time we try to dodge a difficult duty or to escape from an irksome situation by pretending that we have a conscientious reason for doing so. We are like a jibbing horse refusing to take our fences.

Are we going to tell ourselves this? Oh, no. We are more likely to disguise our laziness and cowardice by shifting the blame on to other shoulders or crediting ourselves with noble sentiments we do not really possess.

We cheat ourselves in this way more often than we cheat our neighbours. And "cheat" is the right word; for we thus deprive ourselves of that greatest joy in life, the joy of overcoming odds in the service of what is good.

Be honest with yourself at all costs. Tell yourself no lies, and act none to the world. For the key to right living is co-operation with our fellow-men; and if we run away from this we run into hell.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 9/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine Tremois Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each' Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits. 192-page Cat. free.—MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc., inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLAT CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

NEW 68-page Winter Wholesale Drapery Catlgs. Post free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest prices. Coats, Dresses, all depts. Ladies' Mens, Childs, Household. Satisfcn. guar'd. Whsle only to the Trade. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample book Free. A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS TO SUIT ANY AND ALL TASTES. Photographic Calendars, Novelty Calendars, high-class Notepapers, threefold and many other specialities. Highest comm. and special prizes. Apply, Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.18, Accrington.

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BARGAIN SALES.

A Free Advertisement for you! See to-day's "Exchange & Mart," 3d., all newsagents, 3d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 42, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS Sale, Rug, 3d. Cable 1/3. Thrums 9d. lb. Silky 1d. oz. Shorts 11d. 200 sqls. Free.—Scotia Wools, 186, New Bridge St., Newcl-Tyne.

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MEN'S SHOES. You can't beat leather, and for 6/11 only you can obtain a guaranteed all-leather shoe, width 12/11. This wonderful shoe bargain is advertised by Messrs. Lamdins on page 3.

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YOU can always rely upon "IMPREGNABLE" FOOTWEAR for hard, economical service. Readers' attention is drawn to the announcement on p. 18.

DRAGE'S offer a £10 bonus during September. Fill in the free coupon on p. 23 for full particulars and the Drage Way Book.

FREE.—Fill in coupon in the "BERKELEY" CHAIR advt. on p. 23. This wonderful Home Comfort can be yours for 5/- down and 5/- monthly. An excellent Catalogue and patterns will be sent by return.

HODGSON'S illus. Cat. of Carpets, Rugs, Bedding, etc., is offered on p. 27.

A FREE trial bottle of "Coroûx," the hair fixative, is offered on p. 31.

JAY'S free Furnishing Cat. will be sent to readers filling in coupon in large advt. on this page.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts. Repairs. 64-pp. ill. drawings 2d. Regentbuil, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

IF you have Electricity in your House send for our Mains Radio Catalogue (F.); if not, send for our Battery Catalogue (F.1), both showing 14 of the latest Radio Sets and Radiograms from 75/-. Any set supplied on payment of small Deposit and easy monthly Instalments. Catalogues Post Free. Write to-day to Regent Radio, Ltd., 4, Golden Square, London, W.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. Small Quantities at Wholesale Prices. Good blends from 9d. lb. carr. pd. Free samps.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA WHOLESALE 9d. lb. in Chests, or 9 lb. for 8/-. Special 2/- Tea 9 lb. 11/3. Samps and Carr. Free.—SIZER, 182/4, Roman Rd., Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MEDICAL CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Arisco Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/3 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridvard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogues free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (Est. 1), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 2/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Snl. 3d.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for FREE booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

NAIL BITING can be cured! Write for the Free Booklet issued by the Piltex Treatment (advt. page 3).

A FREE Offer.—Fill in coupon in Birley's Antacid Powder advt. for Indigestion, etc., on p. 28.

FREE.—A sample of "ELASTO" for bad legs and circulatory diseases, and a free booklet, will be sent to readers filling in coupon on the Back Cover.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU need "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it FREE! Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. You can't stop eating them. Must be DUKE'S.

WRITE for the free "Sun-Maid" Recipe Booklet to Dept. J.B.12, Producers' Internatl. Sales Assn., Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, E.C.3. See p. 24.

28-PAGE Cookery Book free. Simply fill in your name and address in the coupon in the STORK MARGARINE advt. on p. 27.

A P.C. to Hugon and Co., Ltd., Manchester, brings the "Atora" book of 100 tested recipes. Mention *John Bull*. See Front Cover.

1/- TIN of "Yestamin," the new yeast vitamin treatment, for 6d. Turn to the special offer on p. 32.

In this, the last of our sensational series of "Dope Slaves of Society" revelations, we show how the authorities are speeding up their great drive to wipe out this new drug menace. And we suggest how it can be made still more effective.

An everyday scene in London's Chinatown. Limehouse is again becoming a centre of the new drug traffic

How to Free THE DOPE SLAVES

OUR exclusive articles revealing the new drug evil that has sprung up in society circles have set things moving.

The authorities are spreading a wider net for the dope traffickers. There is to be a general speeding up of the machinery and a much closer watch is being kept on all suspected sources of supply.

The dope slaves must be freed. Since our last disclosures there have been further tragedies, which show how urgent is the need for action.

Helen Rutherford, found dead in a flat in the West End of London only last week, has now been found to have been a secret victim of drugs.

Only way out

The friend of several society addicts, she had been introduced to the habit with disastrous results. No one suspected it.

There are hundreds of women like Helen Rutherford, completely the slaves of drugs, yet able to keep their dreadful secret from their nearest relatives and friends.

Another victim who has just been driven to suicide is a French hostess, well known in London, named Rachel Dorange. She, too, had been taking drugs secretly over a long period until the inevitable reaction came, and, shattered in health, she sought ultimate relief in death.

A third tragic example is that of a pretty girl called Doris Brompton, who was found dead in a flat in the Paddington district of London.

Her plight was pitiful, for she was literally saturated with drugs and her young body was marred by scores of puncture marks from the deadly hypodermic syringe.

Many young society people whose desire for fresh thrills leads them to experiment in drug-taking do not begin with the worst drugs, like heroin, cocaine, morphine or veronal. They favour an American dope called Zomat, which produces a feeling of temporary hilarity without leaving unpleasant after-effects.

Zomat has recently been smuggled into this country in specially-prepared cigarettes.

Known as "Happy" smokes, they are passed round at cocktail parties. But the danger is that having experienced the exhilaration thus produced the desire comes to try something stronger.

In our last article we dealt with preparations now being made for the organisation of a new dope ring to cope with growing demands in this country.

The ring has its present headquarters in Germany, but is in close touch with several agents in London. Its originators are two aliens who were recently arrested in Belgium, but its ramifications extend to Egypt and France, and the principal agents are busily carrying on in the absence of the founders.

There have been upwards of 100 arrests in European countries during the past few months in connection with the dope traffic, and some of the men involved have been of British nationality.

In this country, too, several seamen "carriers" have been recently detected while going backwards and forwards with supplies, using ports like Cardiff, Folkestone, Harwich and Liverpool.

Only last week, in Leicester Square, in the heart of the West End of London, a man was apprehended with a supply of dangerous drugs in his possession, which had been smuggled through the Customs.

Chinese agents, who are old hands at passing dope, are also playing a part in the new drug traffic.

There have been several arrests in Cardiff, Liverpool and the West End and Limehouse districts of London, and dramatic developments are expected in at least one instance.

This is in regard to the arrest of a man named Klong Kevat, and enquiries recently made into the operations of certain of his associates in London and the provinces.

For some time a story has been gaining currency to the effect that the little North Devon fishing town of Appledore is actually a centre of the dope ring's new activities.

This is sheer nonsense, and the fishermen of Appledore, who rarely go beyond the waters of the Bristol Channel, are naturally indignant that such preposterous rumours should be believed.

Censured doctors

It probably owes its origin to the fact that Anthea Carew and Brenda Dean Paul, who have figured so prominently in the news of late, are both known in Exeter and in the Appledore district of Devon.

The truth, as we have shown, is that the new dope traffic is not confined to any small area, but is of international dimensions.

A very wide net indeed must be cast if the crooks behind the drug ring are to be effectively combated.

Meanwhile, the problem that is nearest home is that of freeing society's dope slaves, and much can be achieved in this direction if prompt action is taken.

In the first place, there is room for considerable tightening up of the regulations governing drug supplies to medical men, dentists and chemists.

It is useless to assume that all professional men are above reproach. There are black sheep in every fold, and at present there are endless loopholes which can be taken advantage of by unscrupulous or careless individuals.

Numerous medical men have been severely censured in recent months for irregularities in this respect. Some have been deprived of their right to prescribe drugs at all!

One recently involved had actually been in attendance at a home for addicts and was himself a secret drug-taker.

But there is a comparatively simple solution to the problem. Drug addicts, sooner or later, drift into one circle. They become a class apart. Where one goes another follows.

As we have revealed in a former article, the Home Office has its secret list of known addicts, and we see no reason why copies should not be made available to all area C.I.D. officers in whose districts addicts move.

Trace the source!

If this were done the worst offenders could be kept under constant observation in order to trace their sources of supply.

Particular attention should be paid to those who make a practice of journeying to and from the Continent, and Customs officers must have more men and more scope for pursuing investigations.

It is only by tackling the problem in this common-sense way that further tragedies among the dope slaves of society can be prevented.

YOUR CHANCE!

YOU have one more opportunity to secure the superb new one guinea Encyclopædia and World Atlas which John Bull is offering to every one of its readers.

Hurry! All applications should be received by first post, Saturday, October 1.

For the benefit of any readers who have not already availed themselves of this unparalleled offer, the necessary forms are printed again to-day on page 33.

This encyclopædia has cost £40,000 to produce and is an invaluable aid to you in your daily work and studies—it is an up-to-the-minute library in a single volume. It contains 250,000 fascinating facts—separated into 20,000 subject divisions—and deals with the whole amazing panorama of man's progress from the dawn of history to the great events of 1932. There are 1,360 pages and nearly 1,500,000 words. Permanently bound in this magnificent volume is a handsome fully illustrated World Atlas printed in seven colours.

Turn to page 33 at once—don't miss the chance of a lifetime.

CROOK with a WINK

WE shall, for the purposes of our warning, call this man Sidney Framleigh, because it is the last name we know he used. His mission necessitates the use of a different name every few days.

Framleigh is most to be feared when he is encountered in the public rooms of first-class hotels, and his special victims are business men and commercial travellers.

He may be recognised by a perpetual wink of the left eye. A nervous affliction causes the eye to twitch at the corner about once every second.

* * *

For the robberies in which he specialises, he finds his dupes in the lounge, smoke room, or billiards room of the hotel where he puts up for the night.

Always he represents himself as the manager or departmental chief of an important industrial firm of one kind or another, and as evidence of the fact he can produce business cards which he has printed specially for each coup.

Over a drink or cigar, or during a game of billiards, he wheedles from his victim the information he requires regarding the nature of his business and his future movements.

Invariably he suggests the possibility of putting some business in the way of the casual acquaintance, and then proffers his card, usually receiving one in exchange.

Following the hotel friend to the town where it has been learned he is next proceeding, Framleigh uses his name and sends from there to the headquarters of the firm named on the card a telegram asking for £10 or £15 to be "wired" to him at the local post office.

The reason he gives for needing the money is made to appear so urgent that he seldom fails to receive it.

Framleigh attended a Northern race-meeting a few days ago, and, representing by his card that he was managing director of a well-known firm of typewriter manufacturers, induced a bookmaker in Tattersall's Ring to give him credit on the day's racing to the extent of £100.

If he had won, he would, of course, have been paid on the course, but as he lost on every race, he settled with a cheque. It was returned marked "No account—stolen."

Scotland Yard

The Flying Squad is determined to force upon the motor bandit the realisation that the game is not worth the candle

SCOTLAND Yard calling . . .

Three simple words, yet they have marked the beginning of countless sensational cases—cases in which murderers have been brought to the gallows, in which daring bandits have been rounded up and other enemies of society have been brought to justice.

Scotland Yard calling . . .

It is far from being the casual phrase of a police telephone operator; it is the password of the Yard's own B.B.C.; the radio slogan of one of the finest and most efficient branches of the greatest police organisation in the world.

Those privileged to know its inner significance are few—if we except all those rogues whose downfall is directly attributable to its use.

The words "Scotland Yard calling," as applied to the Yard's secret squad alone, are repeated nearly a thousand times a week, for wireless is at once the most essential and valuable aid to crime detection today.

Apart from this, wireless is in daily use in all large provincial areas, notably at Bradford, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Birmingham.

What are the secrets of our radio sleuths?

For obvious reasons it would not be in the best public interest to reveal the full extent of their scientific resources for coping with the modern criminal; but we can take our readers behind the scenes and tell them something of notable past achievements and show something of the wonderful efficiency this service can boast.

Imagine yourself seated beside the driver of one of the Flying Squad's fast cars or vans. You have probably seen them a thousand times without knowing it, for to all outward appearances the Squad's vehicles are innocent enough.

They may resemble private cars, light commercial vans or heavy haulage lorries. But their powerful engines are tuned to the *n*th degree and their drivers are carefully picked men with nerves of steel, utterly fearless and trained to get the very best out of their speedy vehicles.

Some can touch seventy or eighty miles an hour with ease.

Suppose, then, that you are seated beside one of these picked men, following an ordinary traffic stream in a busy London street. The experience might be uneventful enough till Scotland Yard called . . .

Then anything might happen. . . .

Not long ago a Squad tender, bearing a faked name and supposedly belonging to a firm of haulage contractors, was crossing South London with what appeared to be a load of turnips and beetroots.

Mystery van

No one guessed that a tarpaulin, made fast over the faked load, concealed several leading Scotland Yard detectives, who were combing the busy streets in search of wanted bandits and other criminals on whom suspicion had become focused.

No one guessed that the hood above the driver's head concealed an aerial or that a wireless receiving set lay hidden beneath his seat; no one suspected that a crouching figure lay among the vegetables with headphones clapped to his ears, tense and alert.

And, suddenly, Scotland Yard called. . . .

A message in Morse came through the receiver, to be quickly jotted down by the silent listener: the first step in Wireless v. Crook!

Earlier that day a man had been shot down in cold blood by a number of bandits in Surrey. Grievously wounded in the chest, he had been unable to give more than a brief description of his cowardly assailants. It was in connection with this outrage that Scotland Yard now called. . . .

All police tenders and other Squad vehicles not engaged upon duties that would yield immediate and definite results must converge with all possible speed upon a certain specified district, the message directed.

And all eyes must watch for three men who had been seen in the neighbourhood of the crime and who were known to have made for the district now to be scientifically combed.

Had you been beside the driver at that moment you would have found yourself racing through London at an amazing pace, and plunged at once into a breathless crime investigation, full of thrills and not without danger.

And as you sped across London in obedience to the Yard's command, charged with the task of tracking down several merciless armed assassins, you would have been kept posted by wireless with any fresh developments that might aid you.

From a room at the very top of the huge building which forms the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police on the Thames Embankment, one of the numerous highly skilled wireless operators would be sending out his vital messages.

Every stage of the investigations being made by detectives on the spot would be made known to you and your concealed colleagues.

Night hunt

For constant reports reach Scotland Yard by 'phone and messenger and are at once rushed to the top room to be transmitted to all police cars that are equipped with wireless receivers.

In the case we have cited there were twenty Flying Squad vehicles at work, and, thanks to the high efficiency of the system, they obeyed the wireless calls as one.

Operating under two superintendents and several experienced officers of the Flying Squad, these twenty cars combed the defined area.

And all the while fresh messages came through to guide them.

"All men known to be armed . . . one carries two revolvers . . ." came the warning, and so the search went on.

Night clubs, drinking saloons, dog-racing tracks and other haunts known to be frequented by suspected men were visited in turn.

Meanwhile, more details were being wirelessed to the searchers.

Fingerprints on a discarded liquor bottle picked up near the scene of the crime had been identified as those of a dangerous gunman, whose appearance could be accurately described from police records.

To get complete information in this respect a detective alights at a police telephone box and speaks with the record office. In a few minutes he can tell his colleagues exactly the type of man they are looking for. Some remember the crook from previous encounters and smile grimly. They know they are up against a "killer."

More messages by wireless . . .

Further fingerprints, found on a jemmy, pointed to the identity of a second assailant.

Slowly but surely the field is thus narrowed down. But the combing of a big area calls for unlimited patience, and in this case the search went on ceaselessly for three days.

Then patience was rewarded. The principal offender was traced to a haunt in Bloomsbury where, after a fierce struggle, he was finally overpowered.

When this criminal and his confederates were ultimately placed in the dock, the judge observed that they were "men who gambled with death." But no tribute could be paid to the men who had also gambled with death in running these desperadoes to earth.

Nothing was said of the sleuths with the headphones or the little skylight room at Scotland Yard. The silent Squad does not expect or desire bouquets. It gets on with the job. Scotland Yard calls . . . It answers.

A short time ago a leading inspector of the

Superintendent Hambrook, Chief of the Squad, issues last instructions before the hunt begins

A Squad van equipped with stretcher and a set of tools for breaking down obstructions

Yard Calling . . .

SECRETS of the WIRELESS FLYING SQUAD

The operator at Central Office —"Scotland Yard calling"— the message flashes out a thousand times a week

Flying Squad, and several colleagues rounded up a gang of crooks who, with numerous burglaries to their credit, were suspected of organising extensive smash-and-grab raids.

London and Manchester were the chief centres of this gang's activities, though hauls were being disposed of in various parts of the provinces.

While they were patrolling the streets as a part of their ordinary daily routine a radio message came through regarding a robbery perpetrated at a South London warehouse barely half an hour before.

A huge consignment of goods had been stolen and driven away.

The message was no sooner through than the car changed its direction and raced away towards another area.

And soon the man with the head-

phones was busily jotting down further valuable information. An eye-witness of the robbery had been able to identify an official picture of a criminal as resembling a stranger who had been seen loitering near the scene of the crime.

Armed with details regarding this suspect, his known haunts and his usual confederates, the pursuers sped on.

The next messages brought further helpful information. A lorry like the one involved in the robbery had been sighted in Islington . . . a carman had been questioned . . . the number of this lorry had been taken . . .

Within an hour the pursuers had located the entire proceeds of the robbery in a house in North London, and this fine piece of work led to the conviction of two notorious criminals.

In another case a message came through to the wireless room at Scotland Yard to the effect that a notorious bandit had been seen in Southampton.

Relentless pursuit

This was good news, for there had been a hue and cry after him for months, as he was much wanted for forgery and robbery with violence.

But, a clever and versatile rogue, he had sensed the fact that a local police officer had recognised him, and, flashing a revolver ominously, he had driven away at high speed, leaving Southampton by the one route open to him.

The swiftness of his flight was no greater than that displayed by Scotland Yard in getting into action. The number of this runaway crook's car was known, and messages hummed through the air.

Soon it was clear that he was racing towards London. He was seen to pass through Winchester, and armed police were rushed to various points to intercept him.

But he was desperate and ignored all challenges. Finally came a message saying that his car had been found discarded, bearing evidence of police shots.

Then came particulars of another car that had been stolen in the same vicinity—obviously by the criminal in order to continue his flight.

As news of this car's progress was flashed through space Flying Squad tenders converged to form a barrier across all approaches to London.

Word came that the fugitive had fired upon a police officer who had sought to stop him and was now driving at maddening speed.

Looter's downfall

But with no thought of danger the Squad closed in steadily, relentlessly. . . . And the crook is now doing five years!

Another typical example of co-operation, in which wireless played an important part, is afforded by the story of a robbery at Harrods Stores.

A disguised tender was patrolling in a South-East London suburb. A well-known woman adventuress, who presides over a big gang of women hirelings, had been controlling a series of shoplifting expeditions at West End and provincial stores.

Though known to the Yard for years as England's worst shop-looter, she had never been caught.

One of her chief assistants was "spotted" at Harrods by house detectives. The police were informed immediately, and it was arranged that she should be allowed to leave the stores with the stolen goods so that she could be followed.

Unfortunately, she somehow guessed that observation was being kept upon her, and she cautiously refrained from going straight to the house of the real criminal, who is known to be one of the worst women receivers in London.

But Scotland Yard's wireless called, and within thirteen minutes the van which had been patrolling in South London had got this woman under observation and her arrest was thus effected.

Again, when ten notorious men were recently involved in a £10,000 jewel robbery in Hertfordshire, the same wireless and patrolling system resulted in the arrest of five of the gang within a few hours and other arrests have been made since.

In the Gutteridge murder case three vans, in touch with wireless all the time, were employed when the murderer's (Guy Browne's) car was finally located. The arrest in Tooting last week of a bandit armed with a revolver and 100 cartridges was also due to the "calling" service. And the wiping out of a notorious band of receivers known as "The Islington Gang" is due to the same co-operation.

This is all the more commendable because it is only latterly that the authorities have been persuaded to give serious recognition to the Flying Squad's Radio Service, and there have been several disadvantages to contend with.

In the near future, however, the service is to be greatly expanded and then the bandit, the smash-and-grab raider and other modern criminals of their kidney may well quake.

Experts in touch with Scotland Yard are considering the problem of finding wave-lengths that can be used exclusively by the Squad.

Crooks, beware!

Greater collaboration is aimed at, too, between Scotland Yard and County Police Forces which also have their wireless squads.

There are certain areas at the moment which have been found in practice to be "blind spots" by Squad vehicles because no messages can be picked up in them at all.

As a result of recent conferences between high police officials and the wireless experts of the G.P.O. it is hoped that, once an exclusive wave-length has been found, cars travelling at top speed will be able to pick up wireless messages with ease.

It is not too much to hope that the day will come when even the most up-to-date criminal will find the dice so loaded against him that he will be forced to admit that the game is not worth the candle.

At least it is the ambition of Scotland Yard's wireless sleuths to bring that day nearer.

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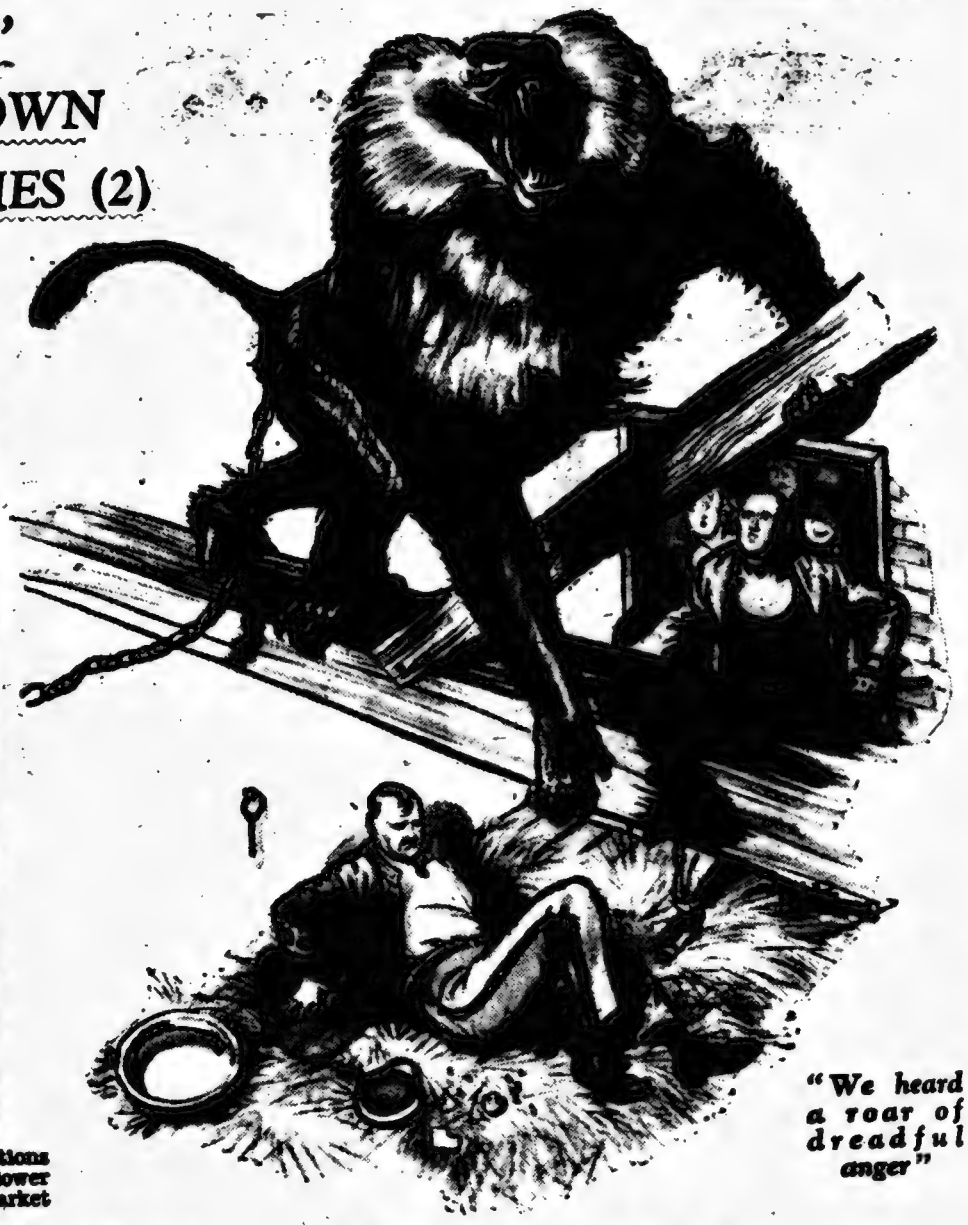
"JOHN BULL" READERS' OWN STORIES (2)



"We heard a roar of dreadful anger"

The GREAT BABOON RUNS AMOK

Mr. Alfred Hill drops the curtain on "The Show Behind the Show"

IF you felt the soft nose of an animal on your arm and, turning, found that some poor freak that was half one thing and half another was trying to win your affection, I wonder what you would do?

Would you recoil in sheer horror, or at least find it difficult to scratch its malformed head? Or would you find it possible to bestow as much affection on it as on a Derby winner?

That, to my mind, is a real test of animal love, a test that many men who love their dogs and many women who want something soft and furry in the cat or dog line would not survive. But not so the showman.

I believe the show-ground folk are greater lovers of animals than any other type; and that makes my tribute all the greater when I say of Edward Jones, a showman with whom I have always been proud to work, that he is a greater lover of animals and has a stronger hold over them than any other man in his line of business.

That is why my blood has boiled up at times when I have heard thoughtless spectators stand over one of his freak animals and say: "Fancy keeping a poor thing like this in captivity. It is cruel. It should be stopped."

I remember when we toured together once with a half-horse, half-cow he had bought from Overleigh Farm, Olton, near Solihull. We visited many leading exhibitions with it, like the Shrewsbury Flower Show, where we set up in the market hall.

It was a strange, pathetic little creature, with the legs of a cow and the head of a horse. Yet it had big, brown eyes that looked more affectionate and wise than those of any dog, and if it could rest its head on its master's shoulders it was in heaven.

And how Jones loved that lovable creature! Money does not always come to a showman in a steady flow, and most of them meet with hard times at one time or another, but I will say of Edward that he would have dropped dead with starvation before he would have cut that horse-cow's ration by a single straw or oat.

JONES charmed many strange and wild creatures in his time, but never a more ill-tempered one than Bruin the Baboon, the regimental pet who quarrelled with his colonel.

It wasn't his fault that Bruin turned on him in the end, and had to be shot after the massed police force and fire-brigade of Dudley in Worcester had failed to subdue him.

Bruin came to our show because he was growing more and more ill-tempered in his old age, and his regiment had decided that it was no longer safe to keep him.

At one time he had been proud to walk at its head. Then gradually he became more and more restive, so that there were times when he had to be dragged on to parade on the end of a chain.

Finally he developed a positive hatred of drums and fifes, and, the regiment being prouder of its drums and fifes than of an ill-tempered baboon, Bruin had to go.

Jones made up his mind about the creature at once. "Within a month we are going to have it eating out of our hands again," he said.

"Remember that whatever it does you must treat it as a friend. If it does anything to annoy you, just look hurt and talk to it nicely. We're going to shame it into becoming a perfect gentleman again."

Within a few days it was fawning over Jones as a lioness over one of its cubs.

We had found it necessary to chain it to a wall when exhibiting it, but he would let it loose and gambol with it, talking to it in the way that all animal-lovers have, and Bruin responding with a noise as much like purring as anything I have ever heard.

But there was one man who stood in the way of our ambition of taming the baboon—one of the doorkeepers.

I used to go in and get the affectionate lick that was my reward for treating the animal properly, and then I would notice how it watched the door hour after hour in the hope that Jones would enter.

By watching in this way I noticed that its delight changed to hatred whenever that doorkeeper came near. And when I caught this man in the act of tantalising it, I knew the reason.

One day, when this fellow was alone with Bruin, we heard a roar of dreadful anger. Then something dark and woolly flashed out of the building, and we knew that the baboon, probably enraged by the attendant, had broken away from the wall.

Pursuing it, we found a little girl whom it had bitten badly. Further on we came across people who were petrified with fright. And then at last we found the baboon, pacing up and down on a high roof-top.

IT seemed to me that all Dudley joined in the great baboon hunt.

First, there were the police, trying every method of getting it down—striving to climb to it, and finding it swarmed to some new position when they did; seeking to entice it with meals, and, finally, when all their efforts failed, calling for other aid.

And then we heard the clanging of the fire bells, and the fire-brigade arrived in a last effort to take it alive.

Then we saw the police level a gun at it, and closed our eyes. We heard a report, and looking up saw poor Bruin dying on the slates.

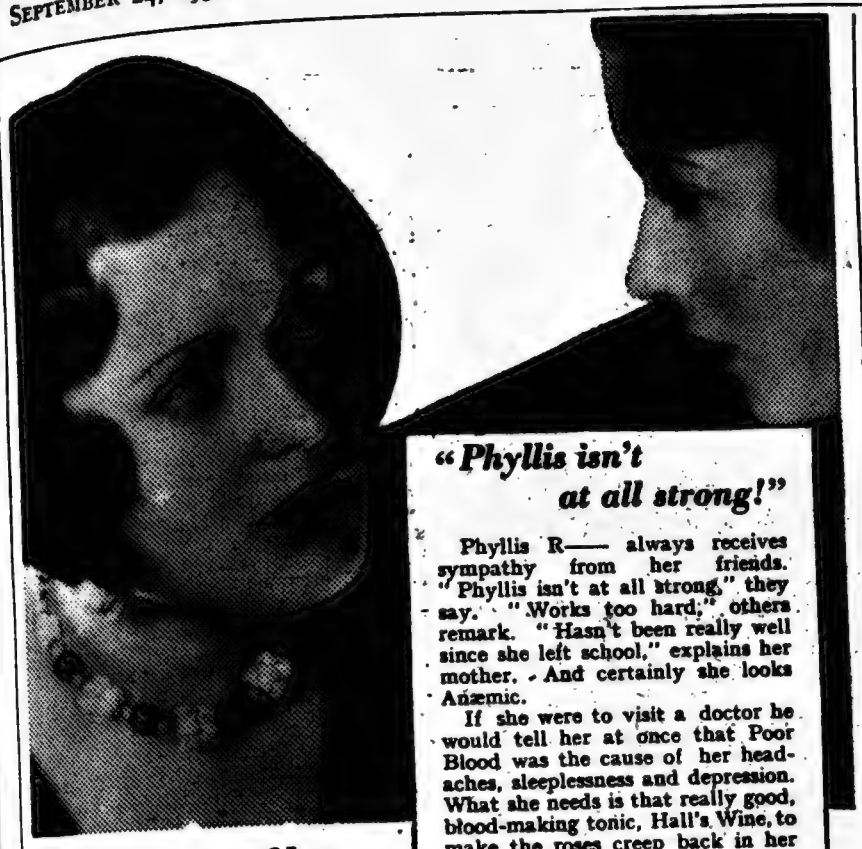
It upset me very much. I remember that I felt we had lost an old friend. But poor Jones was inconsolable.

When all was over, the showman instinct in me was uppermost.

"It hasn't been a good week," I told the owner of poor Bruin. "Get hold of the monkey's body and we might make amends. Everybody in Dudley will be wanting to see the body of the baboon that caused such a stir."

And so we showed the poor carcase, and took more money in a few days

(*Continued on page 24.*)



"Phyllis isn't at all strong!"

Phyllis R—— always receives sympathy from her friends. "Phyllis isn't at all strong," they say. "Works too hard," others remark. "Hasn't been really well since she left school," explains her mother. And certainly she looks Anæmic.

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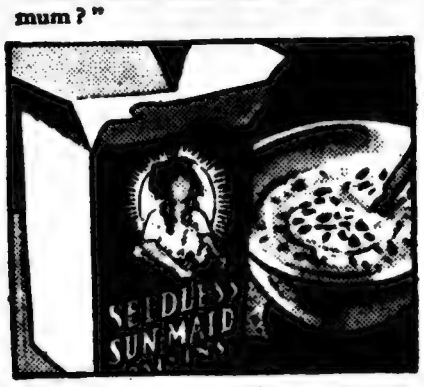
"Oh, mum—that's not milk pudding then. That's 'favourite pudding'."
"Well, darling, call it what you like—I like making it—"

(*aside*) "and though you don't know it, it's *good* for you! And what a relief it is to be able to put these raisins straight in from the packet—"
"Can I have some Sun-Maids now, mum?"



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You need iron to get rid of that jaded, listless feeling. Take your iron in Sun-Maid raisins—eat them from the packet, they're so clean.

GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The GREAT BABOON RUNS AMOK

Continued from page 22

than we had taken in as many weeks. Bruin seemed to be the topic of the hour at Dudley. The man who had seen the carcase had something to boast about. At times the show was crowded out.

But the weather was hot. After a few days there came somebody from the local authority. There had been complaints about smell. The medical officer of health wanted us to receive a hint. . . .

We buried poor Bruin, pet of the regiment, at the first opportunity. I saw Jones just before we parted with the carcase, and I know what he felt.

* * *

Well, these experiences of my thirty years as a showman approach an end. I have told them honestly, anxious to take my own share of responsibility for the little tricks by which the show business is kept going.

If some of the incidents I have related seem to suggest that I am accusing my colleagues of fraud, I can only say that I am in the show business still, and that I believe it is a showman's duty to amuse the public without bothering overmuch how he does it.

If the public cares to believe that there are two-headed giants, women without bodies, bogus professors who can send people into trances for weeks at a time, men who can go without food for sixty days and start again as soon as they are finished, and all the rest, they are entitled to lose their money.

But I prefer to believe that they pay—and all the time have their doubts. After all, there are times when the public enjoys being robbed.

I remember, for instance, that the late Dr. Vallis staged what was called "the original Sing Sing Death Chair." We invited spectators to sit in the electric chair, and we always found some simpleton through whom we could pour the full force of a cheap electric shocking coil to the great amusement of the onlookers.

* * *

Of course, it wasn't a real electric chair at all. It had been made by a Paddington carpenter. But who was more than twopence the worse off for this deception that sent people out laughing hysterically?

Then there was the side-show with which I was concerned called "The Woman with Two"—the photographs outside suggesting that she had two heads.

When people paid their money and got inside they saw a curtain drawn on a woman with twins—the woman with two. And did they object? Believe me, they did not.

They howled with laughter. And when they poured out still laughing to hear us telling the people outside that if they went in they could get just as much fun out of it, they used to encourage them to pay up and try.

"I've been caught . . . now I'll help them to catch somebody else" is the Englishman's idea. And thank heaven for that, I add as a showman.

Mark you, we showmen do not allow ourselves to be caught.

"What would happen if Tate or Geary or Robins had a go?" you ask yourself when you see some game depending on a perfect aim.

"What would happen if Lambert or Gallacher had a shot?" you say when you see prizes offered for a brilliant shot at a football.

Well, let me convince you that no showman would allow any wizard to keep on winning—when there are prizes at stake.

"Bluers up" would be the cry, and showmen themselves would file up to have a shot or kick, in such numbers that the expert would soon get fed up with waiting his turn.

Once a promoter tried to catch me. He had me put in a trance at Southampton before he paid me a penny of wages.

He took care that he came in the room only when there were members of the public there, knowing that it made it difficult for me to ask for payment.

By the time the trance was over he would have no further use for my services, of course, and therefore from his point of view no need to pay me.

There was only one thing to do, and I did it. Every time he came in I arose from my trance in a mystified sort of way and said, "What about my wages?"

It proved almost too much for him, for he paid me up—for a time. And then he began to lag behind, and one day I found that every penny he had ever paid me had been stolen from my pocket.

* * *

That evening I did more than rise from my bed. I got up, and tackled him very forcibly. I demanded not only what was due to me, and what money had been stolen from my pocket, but I asked for money for the rest of the trance in advance.

The public looked agape at the hypnotised man who had recovered sufficiently to carry out his own financial affairs.

Anyhow, I failed to get payment in full, and the public was coolly informed that the trance had failed.

Not only had there never been a trance, but the man who was named on the bills as having put me in a trance had no existence in fact.

I simply had gone to bed in the exhibition hall in the ordinary way—and the public was told later how I had fought against being sent off into a trance, but had been forced to "go under" in the end.

Well, I have drawn the curtain on most of the tricks of the showman's trade during the last thirty years. In most cases they are practised still; in some—as in the pendulum and ball trick I described—the old trickery is practised no more.

And so, as we would tell you in the show world: "That's all we have for your edification and education, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you are satisfied and will tell your friends all about it. *This* way out, ladies and gentlemen, please."

THE AMATEUR COWBOY MAKES HIS BOW

Next week a "John Bull" reader graphically describes one thrilling minute of his life when he won his rodeo spurs

Phantom "Jobs in the East"

THERE can be no imposition more cruel than that which depends for its success upon the organised exploitation of the unemployed.

One of the worst offenders in this respect is an organisation known as the "Overseas Gazette," of 19, Rosebery Street, Hull.

Described as "employment specialists" and as "colonial and foreign agents and publishers," this firm regularly seeks to attract ambitious young men anxious to secure positions abroad.

"The World is our Field" is its slogan, and various services are offered under the pretence that the firm's influence can help anyone to get a job. And the scale of fees asked is very elastic, ranging from 2s., 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. to £1, £2 or £2 10s.

We can say at once that all its so-called services are utterly worthless.

Take the case of a Swansea reader who wrote to the "Overseas Gazette" for information regarding posts abroad, believing it to be a reputable organisation that would be helpful to him.

The firm assured him that his case had been carefully considered and expressed the opinion that there were opportunities awaiting him in many countries.

"Plantation jobs are the pick of the East," it told him, "and no previous experience is necessary, the duties being chiefly the control of natives in the field with a little clerical work at the end of the day."

After this thoroughly misleading assertion, it went on to say that the commencing rate of pay in Malaya, for instance, is about £315 a year, with free quarters and a bonus.

We should be very sorry for any young man who believed this statement as being true of conditions to-day, for it is all cruelly untrue.

An official of the Malayan Information Agency in London assures us that the position is actually so bad at the moment that even experienced men are being discharged from posts they have held for years.

But the "Overseas Gazette," which is the trading name for a man called C. E. Youngson, cares nothing for this, and is absolutely reckless in its endeavours to induce young men to enlist its services.

"We recommend Ceylon and India" is another of its stock statements to applicants, "and if you wish us to help you, kindly send any further particulars of your career and experience, *along with your fee.*"

The italics are ours.

This airy recommendation of India and Ceylon as hopeful fields of endeavour is utterly unjustified.

The Indian Information Bureau in London, which gladly furnishes helpful particulars to all enquirers without fees, can tell a different story.

So acute is the situation in India and Ceylon that large camps have had to be established for young unemployed Europeans who have been quite unable to find suitable posts in these countries.

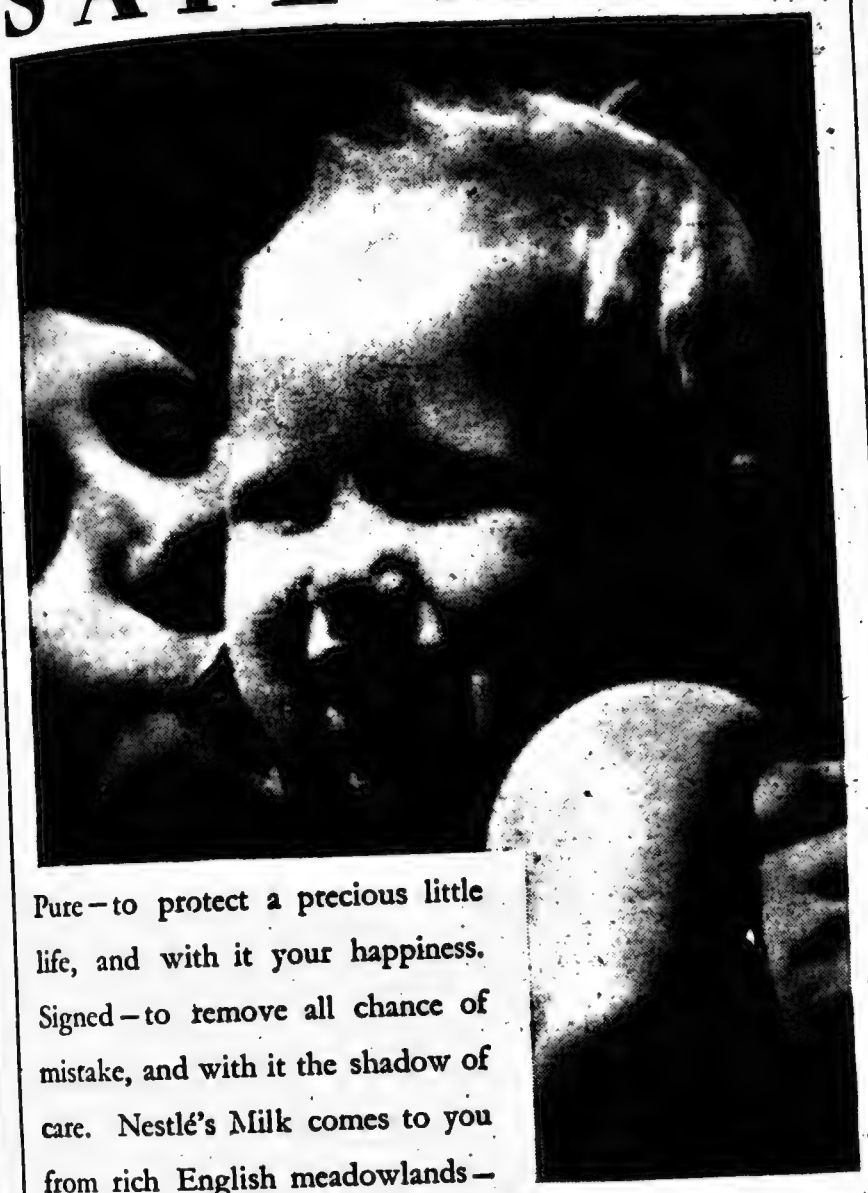
Apart from the loss of time and money and all the heartache that is inevitably caused for unemployed men who may be led to believe all they are told by such ruthless organisations as the "Overseas Gazette," there is another scandalous aspect of its activities.

Practically every tea and rubber company in India, Ceylon and Malaya has been pestered with applications for employment that have been inspired by bogus agencies.

It is a despicable exploitation of the workless, and every newspaper in the land should close its columns to the "Overseas Gazette."

Meanwhile, we think this scandal might well claim the attention of the Minister of Labour, who should see if it is not possible to intervene to save unemployed men from being so cruelly imposed upon.

SAFE MILK



Pure—to protect a precious little life, and with it your happiness. Signed—to remove all chance of mistake, and with it the shadow of care. Nestlé's Milk comes to you from rich English meadowlands—and comes untouched, untainted. Sealed beyond risk of contamination. From visible dangers, Mother, you will guard the child you love. But from the harm you cannot see, from the danger of doubtful milk, trust Nestlé's to save your baby.

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What a joy at the end of the day to give yourself up to real rest and relaxation in the cosy comfort of the Berkeley Home Model. Never has a *full-size Easy Chair* of such quality, strength and handsome appearance been offered at anything like this amazing low price. This marvellous value is only made possible by huge economic output and direct selling from our factories to the public. Soundly constructed throughout, with best birch frame, well sprung and upholstered for real lasting comfort, the Berkeley Home Model is undoubtedly a masterpiece of quality and value.

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John Bull.....

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Use Cuticura to heal skin troubles.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample, each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.

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ensures a neat-folding and perfectly dependable frame—a Fox's Frame, made from finest Sheffield steel. Fox's Special Tube Frame provides a small-rolling umbrella that is unequalled for neatness, lightweight and strength. Fox's Frames have been an essential feature of the best umbrellas for 80 years.

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The finest smoke for your leisure moments is undoubtedly a Manikin, no other form of smoking can bring that feeling of restful comfort—that complete relaxation of mind and body—so surely as the delightful aroma and choice bouquet of these good little cigars—they're real depression-chasers.

And you've no need to worry about the cost, for Manikins are true economy smokes—10d. buys 5—each one a soothing, restful half hour edition of the mildest and mellowest Banquet Cigar you ever smoked.

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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
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with 24 brilliant Record Selections carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- now. Balance 5/- monthly if you are entirely satisfied. Newest type worm drive motor, internal sound horn, natural tone sound-box, plated fittings, water-proof cloth covered case. Price £3. 19. 6 complete. £1 deposit of Portable, Table, & Pedestal Models Post Free.
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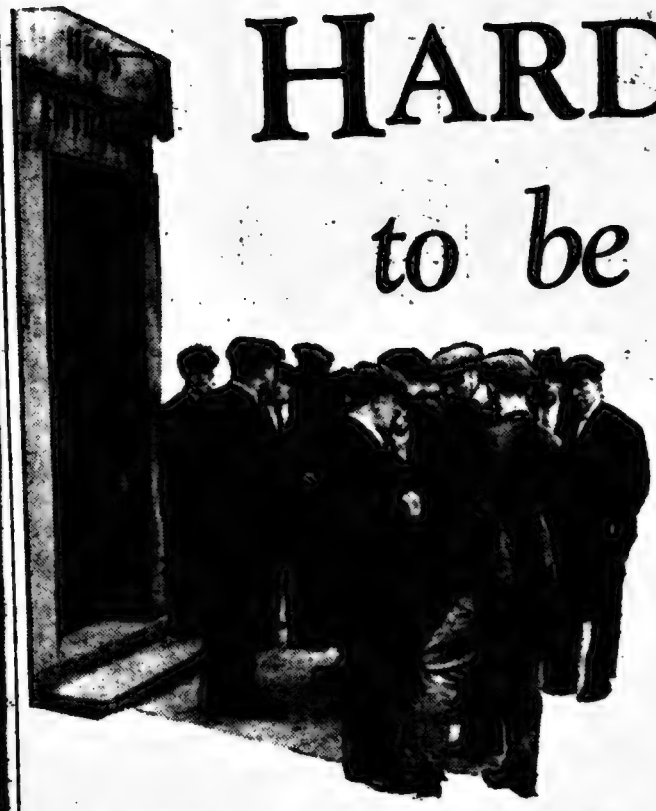
HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

WHEN *it's* HARD *to be* Honest



The falsifying of a charge-sheet—merely a few pen strokes—would impose no burden on many a conscience, especially when the alternative is the "dole" queue. . . . Yet it must be viewed without compromise as dishonest

IS honesty always the best policy? There are many people who would answer with a definite "Yes"; but it is not quite so simple as that.

Take this case: A man has a wife and children dependent upon him. His employer asks him to do something that is definitely dishonest—the alternative is dismissal. What should he do? We all know that in these days other employment is not easy to obtain, and the thought of hard times and hungry children is indeed terrifying.

A case of this kind has just been submitted to me by one of my correspondents. Here is his letter:

* * *

"I am twenty-five years old, married, with one child and another one expected in December. When I was fourteen, I was apprenticed to a local joiner, and I have worked for him ever since.

"At one time he was very particular about our charge-sheets, but now when I am sent on a job he has told me to dawdle on my way there and back, and has even suggested that I should put down to a customer's account time that I have not worked.

"When I told him that this was sheer dishonesty he told me that unless he did so he would not be able to pay expenses, as work was far scarcer than it used to be.

"I do not like the idea at all, but if I press the matter I am sure he will tell me to find another job. In view of my family responsibilities, I cannot afford to be out of work. What do you think I ought to do?"

* * *

First of all, let us look at it from that employer's standpoint. It seems to me that he is heading straight for disaster.

"Work is scarcer now than it used to be," he says. And it will be scarcer still if he persists in his practices. In these days people must have full value for their money; you can gull the public for a time, but in the end truth will out. It seems a pity that this man should lose, not only his customers, but his good name.

I advise my correspondent to say to his employer something like this: "You know my circumstances, and how my home is dependent upon my earnings. I cannot afford to be unemployed, but I hate doing things that are not straight. Don't you think the business would do better if we were to 'play the game'? I on my part will do my best to help you to get more trade."

An appeal of this kind might have a great effect. It might bring that employer back to his senses. If it fails, it will not be my correspondent's fault, and the only course open to him would be to seize the first chance of finding other employment.

If trade continues to decline with his present employer, he would have to do that in any case.

Here is a far more flagrant case. It is sent by a girl who, a few weeks ago, secured a position with a firm of manufacturers in the Midlands. She says:

"Although I was engaged as a shorthand-typist, I act as secretary to one of the partners, and it is gradually dawning on me that this man is most unscrupulous. The firm advertises goods which this director has told me are not genuine, but he laughs this off, saying, 'There is a fool born every minute.'

"That seems bad enough to me, but I have noticed recently that when he has been writing to any customer and has been trying to get out of a difficulty, he has asked me to sign the letter as secretary to the company. He knows full well that I do not occupy this position, but when I mentioned it to him he told me not to worry about trifles.

"I am earning a good salary, and my duties are not arduous; but I wonder if I am doing right in staying here? As I have no home, my parents having both died within the last two years, I feel that there is no one else whom I can ask for advice."

That girl is in a very dangerous position. By signing those letters, presumably in her own name, she is assuming a grave responsibility. The unscrupulous director for whom she works would have no qualms in trying to foist any blame on to her.

Sooner or later the dishonest firm will get its deserts. Before that happens I advise my correspondent to get out, and at once.

My next correspondent tells me that she is a dress designer earning £5 a week, but has practically decided to throw up her job. The reason is that her employer desires her to go to Paris, where she is expected to "steal ideas for new designs."

Her code of honour is so high that she regards such a thing as "rank dishonesty." And though she is aware of the consequences of resigning her position, she is prepared to take that risk rather than "stretch her conscience." The letter goes on:

* * *

"Though I have an aged mother to support, I have managed to save sufficient to keep us for a year or two, and within that time I hope to have found something else to fit in with my ideals."

It seems to me that this correspondent is stretching her code of honour too far. There is no copyright in ideas—if there were, many of us would be plagiarists.

As a dress designer, she is no doubt interested in her work. If she were walking down a street and saw a particularly striking creation, she might consciously or unconsciously retain it in her mind, and reproduce it at a later date. Is there much difference between that and looking for ideas in a business house in Paris?

Providing that she is not doing harm or injury to other people, I cannot see much wrong in what her employer proposes.

CAN Philip Inman help you out of your quandary? He will gladly advise you on any matter which may be causing you anxiety. Address your letters to "Humanist," and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. £1 1s. is paid to each reader whose letter he quotes.

"The Greatest of These"—

AN OLD COUPLE'S *Tragedy*

Alice

FOR the past two years Alice's parents have found life a hard struggle. Their lives are shadowed by a terrible loss.

Alice's mother, a grief-stricken, ageing figure, told us she had had two children. The boy died when six months old, but Alice grew up to be a bonny girl of twenty, who earned 35s. a week, which she gladly gave up to her mother to keep the home going.

Beyond being a little run down, nothing seemed wrong with the girl, and her mother was surprised to receive a message one day to call at the hospital, where her daughter had been carried after having been picked up in the street, where she had fallen in a faint.

Her mother waited in the hospital to know what was the matter, and was presently informed that Alice was dead.

"It is a wonder," said her mother, "I did not go into the grave after her. We were such friends."

So now for two years Alice's father and mother have existed on 17s. a week, which is all they have coming in. Their rent of 7s. 6d. a week is £3 in arrears, and they fear being evicted from their home.

They are only too willing to work, but the mother is not strong enough and her husband suffers from gout brought on through lack of nourishment.

His last employer, who has known him for twenty-five years, states: "When he was able to work he was an industrious worker, and I am sure now he is only too willing to work, but unfortunately his ailments preclude his doing so."

Our readers will be doing an old couple a great kindness if they will send help to save their home to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. Donations will be acknowledged by post.

A list of the current week's donations will be sent on application.

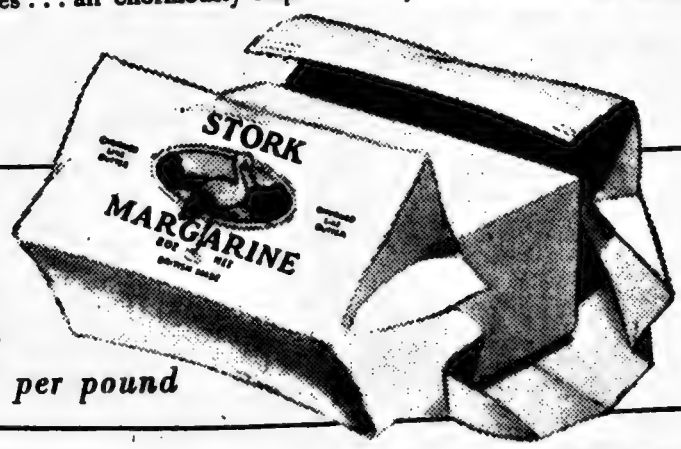
SIMPLE DISHES FOR EVERY DAY

. . . but you *can* make them interesting

Of course your family has a favourite dish. A pudding, a cake, or a stew. Try making that dish, and other dishes, with Stork Margarine, and see how the list of favourite dishes grows. Stork gives flavour, nourishment, richness to every kind of cooking. Mashed potatoes for instance. See how creamy and smooth they become when you beat a little Stork into them. Green peas and French beans have much more flavour and nourishment if you toss them in melted Stork. Fish pudding, macaroni cheese, baked apples . . . all enormously improved if you dot them with small pieces of Stork before baking. Remember then, whenever you cook—

Stork Margarine adds flavour to fish;
Vegetables are better and more nourishing with Stork;
Stork adds brownness and flavour to baked dishes;

and you will never start your cooking without Stork.



8D *per pound*

FREE 28-page Cookery Book

You will find dozens of ways of making simple, everyday dishes into firm favourites by sending for this new, free cookery book. Fill in your name and address, cut this out and post it to

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STORK MARGARINE

Makes even a plain dish a family favourite

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All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull" On receipt of P.O. for **9/6** carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN **CARPETS** thirty for Drawing-rooms, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in suitable Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These carpets with being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms saving the purchaser all middle profits, and they are guaranteed genuine bargains. Over 600,000 sold during the last 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match.

9/6

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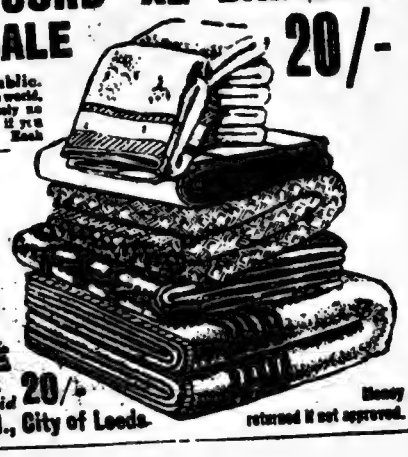

The Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public. Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world, and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. Each bale greater value than hitherto. Read the guaranteed Contents :—

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1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 ins. x 36 ins., new designs, Blue, Crimson Gold, &c.

Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c., post free. *Carr. Paid*

BALE COMPLETE 20/-

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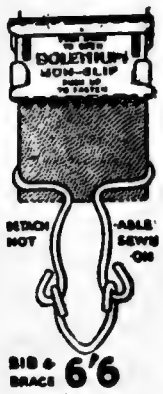
F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.) **Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.**

A NON-SLIP BUCKLE *with* **BULL-DOG GRIP....**



Here is a buckle that cannot slip. The greater the strain, the tighter its grip—yet it is surprisingly simple to adjust. Substantially constructed in solid brass, there is nothing to rust. No other overall has this unique feature—insist on Bolenium, the super overalls. Toughest of the Tough.

SIB & BRACE **6'6**

Patent No. 370818

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Super-Overalls

Worn by the man who knows

Ask your outfitter. If any difficulty write direct to **BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept 1), Upton Park, London, E.13.**

THE NATURAL WAY TO STOP A COUGH

It is extraordinary how quickly coughs, sore throat and other bronchial troubles are cured by such natural and homely ingredients as Pine, Squills, Ipecac, Balsam of Tolu and English Honey. Here you have everything you need to relieve and banish the most stubborn bronchial trouble, yet there are no harmful drugs or opiates. No matter what else you have tried for your cough or sore throat, try these ingredients combined in a pleasant honey syrup. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup soothes instantly; it cures quickly; simply and solely because it is Nature's prescription scientifically prepared. Half a teaspoonful of this extremely effective remedy will clear congested breathing passages, break up hard phlegm and fill your throat, chest and lungs with warming, healing vapours. You can get 'Pineate' Honey Syrup from any chemist: a 1s. 6d bottle will stop the most stubborn cough.

WHAT EXACTLY IS CATARRH?

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the most dangerous of unsuspected diseases. Four out of five people suffer from it in some form. Usually it begins with a simple cold. Then it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, nose, throat, lungs and stomach, whence its poison spreads all over the system.

There is one sure way to end catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing, antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

Try Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes to-day. Get a packet at any chemist, but don't be put off with an imitation, for Dr. Blosser's are the one brand which has been proved all over the world. If you prefer, send card for free sample packet of 4 to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.E.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

by an EX-EMPLOYER

I'm GLAD *to be an* EMPLOYEE AGAIN

9 p.m. The clerks have gone home three hours ago. But the boss's desk still keeps him chained down . . .

YOU, in common with most people who work for others, probably secretly hope that one day you may be able to change your status from employed to employer. . . .

Probably you ponder on how good it would be to have to take orders from nobody, to come and go as you wish, to enjoy all the privileges of "bossing the show" instead of "being bossed."

Well, perhaps you may revise your ideas after you have read of my experiences. . . .

From being an employer I have just become an employee once again, and when I look back on my few years as my own master, I feel that the reversion to my original position is the best day's work I ever did in my life

This may sound like the negation of ambition. It may seem to you that because I failed as an employer, I am now making the best of a bad job by complimenting myself on the return to my old status. But that *isn't* the reason.

ALTHOUGH I started my business at the worst possible moment—shortly before the slump set in—it was nevertheless fairly successful. From a financial point of view, it would undoubtedly have justified its continuance through the next few years during which everyone rightly anticipates a boom.

That is why you may think me foolish when I declare that, however long I live and whatever the inducements, I shall never again incur the ghastly responsibilities of running a business of my own. Because, frankly, the game is not worth the candle!

Like the majority of employees, I once had the idea that to be the boss was all honey.

I saw my employer stroll into the office an hour or so after time in the morning, although I was severely reprimanded if I came in a minute late. I thought how wonderful it would be to make money for myself instead of for someone else. And I yearned for the chance of putting to the test all those bright ideas of mine—for suggesting which my employer more often than not snubbed me.

These, and kindred thoughts, were part of my mental make-up for years. Finally, urged on by my employer's refusal to give me a well-earned increase in salary, they crystallised into action.

I remember one day going into the office of a friend of mine to tell him about my plans, and how he ruefully pointed to a wall notice which said, more or less: "Work eight hours a day and don't worry. Then maybe you'll become the boss, work twelve hours a day, and have all the worry."

"It's true," said my friend.

I laughed. "That's all right," I replied, "but at least I shan't be slaving to make someone else better off, and I shan't be bound down by a hundred-and-one petty restrictions." At that time all I could think of was the bad side of being an employee: the advantages I accepted without thought.

My opportunity came. I launched out on my own. And it was not long before my disillusionment began.

As an employer, I had to be harder with myself than I had ever been before. No morning coffees now, because every scrap of time represented money. Often no lunch, either. And more often than not no dinner until nine o'clock in the evening.

There was no longer any question of knocking off simply because it was six o'clock.

Seldom any chance to listen to the radio after dinner, with snug slippers and glowing pipe. Work followed me home to my own sitting-room.

The worry I had as an employee was infinitesimal compared with my new brand of terror. During bad weeks, when my figures were down, I was scared stiff in case I should not be able to meet bills and pay the wages of my little staff. When I had a good week, most of the pleasure was stifled by the thought that next week might be bad, and nullify any advantage.

I soon found that the idea that the active owner of a business works for himself is sheer bunk. *I* seemed to be working for everyone except for myself: for my staff, for the landlord, suppliers of materials, gas and electrical companies, charwomen, the bank—and then H.M. Inspector of Taxes stepped in and took the best part of whatever remained.

SO, for three or four years, my gradual disillusionment regarding the joys of being "my own boss" went on through all its tortuous stages.

Financially, I was considerably better off at the end of each year than I had been as an employee. But I was so worried all the time that the advantage seemed more illusory than real.

Where, I asked myself, was the sense in earning more money if in so doing I wore myself out and, furthermore, had no time to enjoy what the money would buy? At length I found myself envying the man who drew his regular salary every week.

As soon as the opportunity presented itself I sold out and rejoined, as an employee, the very firm which I had left so gleefully! And now I'm free again.

I enjoy the precious freedom of the employee who knows how many hours a week he has to work, how much he'll get, and also that he'll almost certainly get as much this week as next, whether his employer prospers or not.

If, therefore, you still yearn to be your own boss, my hope is that your wish will never be fulfilled. I assume, of course, that you are not that rare being—the one man in twenty, or thirty, or forty—with the exactly right psychological make-up for an employer.

Obviously, I am not one of the chosen few!

Yes, it is with a sigh of relief that I don the yoke of the despised "wage slave," and look forward once again to happiness and a tranquil mind.

The Human Machine

Sham Critics

There are a good many people who pride themselves on being "critical." They take nothing at its face value. They are always looking for the catch.

In point of fact, they deceive themselves. They are not in the least critical in the real sense of the word; they are merely rude. The test of a genuinely critical mind is not the number of faults it can find—that's an easy game at which anyone can play. The true critic notes the faults, but he passes on to the worth-while things that lie buried beneath them.

Your perpetual fault-finder and grumbler suffers anyway from a defect that would always render him incapable of having the genuinely critical mind of which he boasts. He is always inaffectably arrogant, always thanking his stars that he is not as other men. That merely warps the mind and prevents it from looking at life either calmly or sympathetically.

It is as well, too, to remember that criticism is not censure—which mostly is nothing higher than unnecessary impertinence. It is always easier to be critical and censorious than it is to be correct.

The world, in two thousand years, has not advanced very far; but it has, at least, evolved one virtue that mankind is slowly learning to practise—that virtue is tolerance.

To give the other fellow credit for meaning well, for trying to do the right thing, for striving towards the right goal, is worth all the "criticism" in the world. If we all obeyed that simple rule, the world would be quickly transformed into an earthly Paradise.

DON'T THROW IT AWAY

Remember, when you open your bottle of Milton

When you buy anything from a chemist's shop—what do you do with the "literature" which you generally find in the packet or wrapped round the bottle? More often than not you just throw it away, don't you? You are not interested—or you think you already know all that it has to tell you.

Don't do that with the Milton booklet! Firstly, because you will be fascinated by this extraordinary document. Secondly, because you will want to keep it for future reference.

The Milton booklet which is packed with every bottle is a lengthy and even rather a bulky affair. It had to be—even though not a word in it is wasted. For it deals with all the everyday household uses to which Milton can be put. Things which you yourself experience, and which you have to deal with every day.

That is why the only way to tell people about Milton was to write a book about it. And the only way to get it to Milton users was to put it in the packet.

But do not, we repeat, let this fact put you off reading it. Nowhere in the world is there any other product to compare with Milton. Remove almost every other toilet preparation from the house—and, given a bottle of Milton, you would hardly need to miss them. But you *must* know just what Milton is—what Milton does—and how in each case you use Milton. Hence this book—free with every bottle.

Milton costs sixpence.

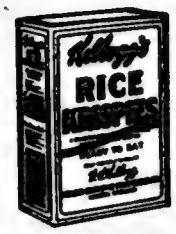
THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FOUND HER APPETITE

Yesterday she only toyed with her food—and, of course, Mother was a little concerned. But to-day, she has a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and cold milk—and just see the difference! Watch her dig right in with her spoon and enjoy every morsel.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies actually crackle in cold milk or cream. The very sound fascinates children. And how they love the flavour!

Serve for breakfast, lunch—fine for the children's supper. No cooking required. So easy to digest, Rice Krispies invite restful sleep.

Sold by all grocers. Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green packet. ***Quality guaranteed.***



Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG COMPANY of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C.2

803

Doctor states Iron Jelloids are the true tonic

"Iron Jelloids are a true restorative, developing the red corpuscles which will in turn replenish every part of the system with fresh life, increased energy, greater strength and healthier conditions . . . Iron Jelloids act as a tonic in the true sense of the word."

You cannot enjoy good health without good blood. Your vitality, your energy, your strength, depend upon good, rich, red blood. Your blood must be strong as well as pure. Iron Jelloids provide the most effective means of strengthening and enriching the blood known to Medical Science to-day.

Iron Jelloids fortify the blood so that it carries a full load of life-giving oxygen to every part of the system, thereby revitalising every organ, nerve and tissue; releasing vast stores of energy; laying up great reserves of strength, vitality and stamina; and enabling you to resist infection of all kinds. Thus Iron Jelloids act as a true and lasting tonic. Iron Jelloids are pleasant and easy to take. They do not injure or blacken the teeth; nor cause indigestion.

Iron Jelloids

Recommended for the treatment of:

LASSITUDE, DEBILITY, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, NEURALGIA, DEPRESSION, NUTRITIONAL DEFICIENCY AND ANAEMIA

Every Chemist Stocks Iron Jelloids No. 2 for women; Iron Jelloids No. 2A (with quinine) for men; Iron Jelloids No. 1 for children. Only 1/3 a box. Large Economical Size 3/-. The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., Watford.

832

RIGHT TO THE END

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

LAST FEW DAYS | £20,000 POSTER COMPETITION | CLOSES SEPT. 30TH

ENTRIES to be eligible must be received not later than Midnight, September 30th.

5 for 3° 10 for 6° 20 for 11½°

A ROMANTIC WORLD SEARCH

Herbs With Rare Medicinal Properties

IT is not commonly known that countries so far apart as China and Spain, Japan and England, and Tasmania and France have to be searched for the very special herbs used in the manufacture of that world-famed healing ointment, Zam-Buk.

Many of these herbs are rare and costly, and they need to be gathered just at the right season when their medicinal qualities are at their very best. On this exact selection and on the manner in which the extracts are combined depend the wonderful efficacy of Zam-Buk on diseased or injured skin.

Natives bringing herbs to a forest distillery.

Twentieth-century medical knowledge and manufacturing skill have brought Zam-Buk to a pitch of perfection not found in any other skin preparation. Here in one ideal herbal ointment are valuable antiseptics to cleanse the flesh and prevent the growth of dangerous germs, emollients to soothe the nerves and tissues and stimulants to maintain a flow of healthy blood and carry strength to the affected spot. All these ingredients are skilfully refined and dissolved into a blend so delicate that the pores can and do absorb them. Thus, Zam-Buk reaches deep-seated pain and trouble as nothing else can.

Zam-Buk soothes pain instantly, allays swelling and inflammation and grows new, healthy skin. Zam-Buk is proved unequalled as a remedy for eczema, pimples, impetigo, ulcers, bad legs, poisoned wounds, ringworm, insect bites, burns, scalds, cuts, sore feet, piles, rheumatism, etc. Of all chemists and stores 1/3 or 3/- per box. Look for the registered trade mark Zam-Buk on each package which is also sealed with the Government Stamp.

Send To-day for Free Sample Box!

You can prove to your own satisfaction the remarkable medicinal power of Zam-Buk by applying on a postcard (stamped 1d.) for a free sample box. Simply write, giving your name and address and mentioning "John Bull," to Zam-Buk, Leeds.

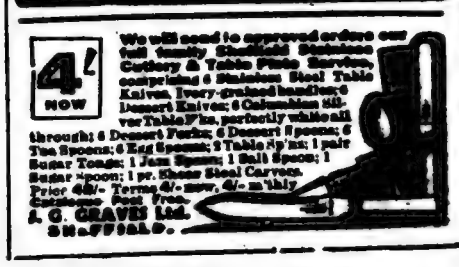
Get on the pay-roll . . .

the paying roll—the rolling of your own cigarettes. 30 smokes at the price of 20 ready-made. Whether you roll by hand or any machine, AG papers in the stout packet always give the best result and the coolest smoke.

AG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Paper of Perfect Purity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NOW
We will send to approved orders our full family Sheffield Stainless Cutlery & Table Plate Service, comprising 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives, Ivory-grained handles; 6 Dessert Knives; 6 Columbian silver Table Forks, perfectly white all through; 6 Dessert Forks; 6 Dessert Spoons; 6 Tea Spoons; 6 Egg Spoons; 2 Table Spoons; 1 pair Sugar Tongs; 1 Jam Spoon; 1 Salt Spoon; 1 Sugar Sifter Spoon; 1 pr. Sheaf Steel Carvers. Price 4/6/- Terms 4/- now, 4/- monthly Carriage Paid. Catalogue Post Free.
A. G. GRAVES Ltd.
SHEFFIELD.

Saving My SHIP —IT MADE A MAN of ME!

My Greatest Hour

by COMMANDER WORSLEY, R.N., D.S.O., O.B.E.,

who was captain of the "Enterprise" during Shackleton's last ill-fated South Pole expedition

I THINK that I can lay claim to a number of Great Hours, for my life has certainly been an adventurous one. Yet the most exciting hour would be difficult to relate, for it is almost impossible to recapture the thrill of a past adventure.

When I was exploring in the Antarctic with Sir Ernest Shackleton there were many wonderful hours—and narrow escapes, too. Again, during the war, there were thrills and dangers in my life to satisfy the most hardy. I remember when we rammed a German submarine. . .

But my greatest hour, one that stands out most vividly in my mind despite the intervening years, happened during the end of a passage round the south of New Zealand.

It was only my second voyage, and I was sixteen years of age. To begin with, it was my first experience of a terrific storm at sea, and the fact that when we were in real danger, and the gale was at its height, I was the first to sight the land we were all so desperately looking for was a tremendous thrill for me.

OUR ship, *The Rangitiki*, was 1,188 tons net register, A1 at Lloyds. The captain was a red-headed little man—only 5 ft. 2 in., in fact—called Middleton, and he was the hardest driver of a sailing ship that I have ever met. Just to show you what kind of a man he was, let me tell you what happened one day on this particular voyage.

Ours was a fine fast ship, but one of the worst for steering when the wind was aft.

At the wheel we had a big Swede, who stood over 6 ft., and things were not going very well with him when the captain came along with his usual comment at such times: "Where the hell do you think you are going with the ship?"

The Swede, relying, I think, on his superior size, said rather cheekily: "I vas doing my best."

Without further ado our little captain grabbed him and flung him across to the weather rail.

"Send an Englishman along," he stormed as the second mate, who I rather think had come to keep an eye on the safety of the captain, hove into sight.

• • •

We had already been about eighty-nine days on the trip from London to Dunedin, and we had just finished "running the Eastings down"—that is, crossing the longitude from Tristan di Cunha or the Cape of Good Hope to Australia.

In this area there are heavy westerly gales raging nearly all the year round—in fact, it is known as the Roaring Forties. On this occasion the storm was a new experience to me altogether, and far surpassed anything that I had ever imagined. It did not disturb our captain one bit; he absolutely revelled in it, and, to use a seaman's phrase, drove the guts out of the ship.

It was a wonderful time for me, too. Had it been my first voyage I might have felt a bit nervous, but, as it was, I had perfect confidence in both the captain and the ship.

The harder it blew the more I loved it; the danger was a source of real enjoyment to us youngsters.

As darkness fell the storm increased in violence, water washed into every cabin, the saloon was full of it; it smashed the door of the galley and nearly washed the cook overboard, as well as our dinner—which would have worried us most. It was an odd sight to see men grabbing up floating half-cooked potatoes and pieces of pork from amid the swirling waters and hurriedly eating them.

A boat was smashed on the skid, the upper part of the bulwarks was washed away. So hard and severe was the weather that in four days and four nights we had only four hours' sleep.

Now, as you are rounding the south of New Zealand it is necessary to sight a rocky group of islands, the Snares, which are a great danger to shipping. To the windward these islands present to the Southern Ocean front cliffs a hundred feet high and approaching them a great swell.

The captain was looking out for these most anxiously; it was no easy matter to sight them at the close of a winter's day. Aboard, the whole atmosphere was heavy with spray, and on deck it was almost impossible to see at all for more than a few yards. There was no lighthouse on the islands to guide us, either.

AT this time I was aloft on the foretopsail yard, bending a new sail, the last having just blown away in fragmentary shreds. I was keeping a keen look-out, when suddenly I spied a low, dark line ahead of us, extending out across the weather bow.

Full of excitement, I gave voice to a frenzied squeak: "Land ahead on the poop aft!"

There were hoots of laughter from the men around me at my squeaky voice, which sounded particularly ridiculous in the noise of the tempest.

"There, away!" and I pointed out to the dangerous Snares, three or four miles to leeward.

There was instant action. The captain hauled the ship towards the wind, very cautiously so as not to imperil the lives of the men aloft—a quick movement and we should have been hurled into eternity.

In a few moments the yards were trimmed for the new course, and the ship was thundering along at twelve knots an hour, heeling under until her lee rail was buried under the sea. All this before I had even finished bending the new sail.

That we were in a position of grave danger was very clear to me aloft. There we were, roaring along, little more than two hundred yards clear of the great cliff, a great swell between us and the cliff, an even greater swell ahead of that.

ONE green wall of water swept up over the heights and in bursting completely hid the island. There were moments when it seemed that the ship must be wrecked, but still she forged ahead, defying the elements.

All the time, aloft, I felt no fear. The thrill of knowing that I had been the first to sight land and avert calamity removed all sense of danger from my mind—I, a mere novice, had been the means of avoiding even graver danger than we were already experiencing! (In reality, it was all due to my excellent eyesight, but I did not think about that at the time.)

Now the course was altered for Dunedin, and two days later we arrived at our destination without further adventure.

The thrill of this boyhood experience will never grow dim in my memory, for it gave me my first real insight into responsibility. It changed me from a boy to a man, and made me keener than ever on my seafaring life.

"I gave voice to a frenzied squeak: 'Land ahead!'"

Race with "Silver Ring"

A FRENCH INVADER

I HAVE received several enquiries about the French invader for the Cesarewitch, Bruledur. I think the best pointer in this colt's favour is that he is being prepared for the race by Sam Darling.

Darling trained the French-bred winner, Rose Prince, in 1923 and the French-bred Forseti two years later, so he knows exactly what is required to win the long-distance Newmarket prize.

Bruledur is a son of Bruleur, a champion stayer, who has sired among others Pinglas and Brulette. The latter was given top weight in the Cesarewitch, but did not accept.

Last year Bruledur was second in the French Derby and fifth in the Grand Prix. This season I consider his form most disappointing.

At Newbury this week-end Codicil may win the Cup. I suggest Home Run and Gay Amour for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 22, to Wednesday, September 28.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O
93 94 96 U I E 95 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IXR2M97 would read MELLIN

TO BE SLIM DRINK HOT WATER

Everyone who wishes to get rid of superfluous flesh and possess a slim, well-proportioned figure should adopt the simple, natural practice of drinking plenty of hot water. Nine times out of ten the underlying cause of people putting on excess weight can be traced to a sluggish condition of the alimentary system which results in the tissues becoming congested with waste matter and toxins. By drinking each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate added, the whole alimentary tract is cleansed and purified, sour bile, fermentations and poisonous waste matter are swept away, and tissues are relieved of all congestion. Thus not only is a frequent cause of fatness removed, but your blood-stream is purified, and you feel and look better in every way. A quarter-pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate is obtainable for two shillings from any chemist, and will prove to those who desire a slim figure that here is something which will really help them.

ARE YOUR ARTERIES HARDENING?

Causing High Blood Pressure

Make this simple test.

An easy way to estimate blood pressure is to feel the temporal arteries which in elderly people often stand out like twisted cords on the temples. Touch your own. If they are hard, tender and throbbing, your blood pressure is too high and your heart is being strained. To relieve this serious tension, wealthy leisured patients are frequently ordered to drink the waters at famous Continental Spas, and they usually return lissome in body and brain with rejuvenated arteries and a new lease of life. Fortunately, persons of the most modest means can now enjoy this remarkable curative treatment without stirring a step from their own home. A tumbler of alkaline medicinal water similar both in composition and effects to that of the natural springs can be prepared by adding to plain water a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' (powder form). Any chemist can supply it at slight cost. Drink this each morning before breakfast for a few days. Try your temples again and you will find them much reduced in size, soft and flexible, all congestion gone and the menacing strain on your heart greatly alleviated if not completely relieved.

Turn to page 25—

and fill in the coupon in the "BERKELEY" advt. for illustrated Catalogue and full particulars of the Home Chair Model offered on easy terms. Home comfort can now be yours for 5/- down. Every chair sold under a guarantee. The first step: Fill in the coupon for "BERKELEY" Illustrated Catalogue.

"Stay in bed!—but can you Carry On?"

"Stay in bed," says Mother. But what about the thousand and one duties that make home tasks "never done?" Father, too—the breadwinner—dreads the necessity of "giving up."

Rest if you can, but the quickest, surest way to end chronic backache is to get to the seat of the trouble—the kidneys. To assist weak kidneys to blood-cleansing, healthy action there is no better advice than this—take a course of De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Don't wait until you *must* go and stay in bed. De Witts Brand Pills not only end bad back but are splendid in all cases of bladder weakness, rheumatism, loss of vitality. They will banish your pain and their splendid tonic qualities will make you feel and look years younger.

No more "too old," worn-out feeling. You join with the youngest in all the pleasures of life. You will be amazed to find how quickly relief from pain and down-dragging weakness will come. In 24 hours you will see the action of De Witts Brand Pills.

Sold in white, blue and gold boxes, price 3/-, or the more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS BRAND Kidney and Bladder PILLS

BUY from BATH'S and get double value

LIST POST FREE

Suitable for Plants, Seeds, Cuttings, Etc.

GARDEN FRAMES from 15/-

Height at front, 12in., and at back, 18in. Made of 1in. well-seasoned yellow deal, with necessary runners for the lights, which are 2in. thick, complete with best horticultural glass for glazing.

25% to 50% OFF USUAL PRICES

Size.	Usual Price.	Reduced Price.
1 Light Frame 4 x 3 ft.	6l 7 6	4l 15 0
1 " " 6 x 4 ft.	9 2 6	1 8 6
2 " " 6 x 4 ft.	3 10 0	1 17 6
3 " " 6 x 6 ft.	5 12 6	3 5 0
3 Light Frame, 12 x 6 ft.	12 7 6	8l 5 0
4 " " 16 x 6 ft.	7 15 0	4 5 0
5 " " 20 x 6 ft.	9 2 6	5 5 0
6 " " 24 x 6 ft.	10 15 0	6 5 0

STRAND GREENHOUSES from 57/6.

Substantially constructed, everything complete. Best horticultural Glass and sufficient paint for 1 coat after erection.

7ft. x 5ft.	6l 17 6
9ft. x 6ft.	4 5 0
10ft. x 7ft.	5 5 0
12ft. x 8ft.	6 5 0
16ft. x 9ft.	8 5 0

THE GEM FORCING HOUSE from 50/-.

Specification as Greenhouse but whole of sides and 2ft. 6in. of ends boarded.

L. ft.	W. ft.	Height ft.	Reduced Price.
7	5	7	4l 10 0
9	6	7	5 5 0
10	7	7½	6 0 0
12	8	8	7 17 6
15	9	8	9 10 0

THE MARVEL HUT.

Constructed in sections. Simply screw together. Extra strong framework. Roof felt'd all over.

4ft. x 4ft. 3½ft.	2l 0 0
5ft. x 4ft. 3½ft.	1 5 0
6ft. x 4ft. 3½ft.	1 10 0
7ft. x 5ft. 3½ft.	2 10 0
9ft. x 6ft. 3½ft.	3 7 6
10ft. x 6ft. 3½ft.	3 17 6

THE CHAMPION HUT

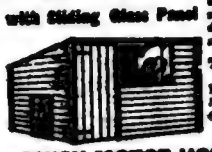
In complete sections—simply screw together. Extra strong framework. Complete with glass for a felt roof.

6ft. x 5ft. x 7ft.	2l 17 6
7ft. x 5ft. 3½ft.	3 17 6
9ft. x 6ft. x 7ft.	5 15 0
10ft. x 7ft. x 7ft.	6 5 0
12ft. x 8ft. x 7ft.	8 15 0

POULTRY HOUSES.

Constructed of ½in. planed, rebated and moulded weatherboards on strong frame in sections. Fitted with sliding shutter over back galvanised wire netting. Attendant's door with necessary fittings. Roof of ½in. planed, rebated and moulded weatherboards, making all watertight.

The Beatall from 15/- with Sliding Glass Panel



The Beatall Lgth.	Width.	Ht.	Reduced Price.
5ft.	3ft.	4ft.	15 0
6ft.	4ft.	4ft.	19 0

Floors extra 4/- and 6/-.

The SAVOY from 22/6 with Sliding Shutter

The Savoy Lgth.	Width.	Ht.	Reduced Price.
6ft.	4ft. 6in.	6ft.	1l 5 0
7ft.	4½ft.	6ft.	1 12 0
9ft.	5ft.	6ft. 6in.	2 12 0

Floors, extra, 8/-, 9/-, 10/- respectively.

SAVOY MOTOR HOUSES from £5 2 6

Constructed of ½in. Planed Rebated and Moulded Weatherboards on strong frame. Complete with strong doors, windows, nuts and bolts, roof, strong rafters and principals where necessary, with boards and good felt to cover same.

L.	W.	H.	Reduced Price.
10ft.	7ft.	7ft.	5l 5 0
10	7	8	6 0 0
12	8	7	6 15 0
15	8	8½	8 0 0

STORE HUTS from 47/6.

L.	W.	Ht.	Red'd Price
6ft.	4ft.	7ft.	2l 7 6
7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	3 3 6
9ft.	6ft.	7ft.	4 3 6

L.	W.	Ht.	Red'd Price
10ft.	7ft.	7ft.	5l 12 6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	6 5 0
16ft.	9ft.	8½ft.	8 5 0

SPHERATOR.—Size 4 ft. in complete sections on strong framework, covered with good sound, well-seasoned ½in. Planed Rebated, and Moulded Weatherboards, complete with necessary fittings, Nuts and Bolts. Roof felted. Windows with glass for glazing. Easily erected.

IMPROVED HOT AIR HYGIENIC APPARATUS.

For heating Paraffin Oil without smoke or smell. Will keep a greenhouse from 10 deg. to 40 deg. above outside temperature. 20 x 20 x 8 will heat house 12 ft. x 8 ft., consumes 1½ pts. of oil in 10 hours. 24 x 20 x 8 will heat house 8 ft. x 6 ft., consumes 1 pt. of oil in 10 hours.

	Ltd. Price.	Reduced Price.
No. 1 ..	6l 0 0	6l 1 0
No. 2 (2 burners) ..	1 17 6	1 15 0

IDEAL GARDEN BARROWS.

(Full size).

Constructed of sound Hardwood. Size of body at top, 26in. by 24in.; depth in front, 12in.; depth at back, 7in. Reliable wheel, Iron tyre. Usual Price, £1 5s. Reduced Price .. 17/6

BUNGALOWS from £16 7s. 6d.

For numerous designs of Wood and Asbestos Buildings of every description see list.

All Goods on Rail ex Works.

T. BATH & Co., Ltd. 5, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, Works: 41, Harwood Rd. & 163, Peckham Rye, S.E. LONDON, W.C.

STOMACH TROUBLE

NEVER FREE FROM PAIN

Mrs. LONGLEY, 39, Northfield Place, Rothwell Haigh, Yorks., writes:—"For years I suffered from Stomach Trouble. I had pain day and night, could not sleep and could not eat, in fact I could not bear the smell of food I had prepared. I sent for a 5/- bottle of Vitadatio and I began to feel great benefit. I am now on my 15th bottle and can assure you it is working wonderful on me."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special £1/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 1ST, ARMLEY, LEEDS. U133

SEND FOR FREE BOOK & TESTIMONIALS

Ah! that reminds me

to get another tin of

KIWI

THE QUALITY SHOE POLISH

NEAT, ORDERLY HAIR

If you want to set your hair for the day without "plastering" it down, Corofix is what you are looking for. This non-greasy hair-dressing preserves an immaculate appearance the whole day through, but does not make the hair hard or flaky.

COROFIX

FREE Send for free trial bottle of Corofix, with 3d. in stamps to cover packing and postage, to Crown Perfumery Co. (Dept. H), 30, Kings Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

Of Chemists and Hairdressers everywhere.

1/9 FOR DAY LONG HAIR-SMARTNESS 1/3

WONDERFUL NEW FOOD PRODUCT

from Burton-on-Trent

"John Bull" Readers Invited to Enjoy Its MARVELLOUS HEALTH BENEFITS

So remarkable are the Health Benefits obtained from YESTAMIN, the new Vitamin B Food produced by the English Grains Co., Ltd., of Burton-on-Trent that arrangements have been made for readers of this paper to have a 14 days' trial supply, value 1/-, by posting the form below together with a postal order or stamps for 6d. only.

In return they will receive post free a one shilling tin of YESTAMIN Tablets—thus making their first trial of this wonderful product at half price. A full description of YESTAMIN and how to take advantage of its extraordinary health giving properties accompanies each package.

YESTAMIN is yeast highly concentrated by a special process and is many times richer in Vitamin B than any other substance and contains wonderful digestive elements unknown to other foods.

It should be explained that whilst YESTAMIN is not a drug, nor does it claim "lightning" results, it is a natural food of the highest order giving Steady Sure Progress to Health for all who suffer from

Nerves	*Flatulence*
Depression	*Rheumatism*
Debility	*Skin Troubles*
Indigestion	*or Boils*

The more than happy effects of YESTAMIN in a very large number of cases observed and confirmed by Physicians and Biological Chemists are achieved by its own super tonic value combined with the fact that YESTAMIN breaks down the sugar and starch of all other food consumed. YESTAMIN does this so effectively that nourishment value is multiplied to such an extent that the bodily energy and strength of the sufferer naturally prevail over the ailment which cannot survive and is replaced by a condition of perfect fitness.

YESTAMIN must be tried to even begin to appreciate its supreme Health value not only to persons actually ill with the before-mentioned troubles but for men and women in sedentary occupations, Athletes—Brain Workers and indeed all who desire true physical fitness.

Hence the generous offer to readers of "John Bull" of a 1/- box sufficient for 14 days' use for 6d. only.

In their own interests everyone should at once take advantage of this introductory trial offer—it will mean Health and Fitness in place of the "half life" so many of us unfortunately experience to-day.

YESTAMIN can be obtained from Chemists and Grocers in Powder at 1/3, 2/- and 3/6 per tin or in Tablet Form, 1/- per tin.

Post To-day

for 14 DAYS' TRIAL SUPPLY of

YESTAMIN

To The ENGLISH GRAINS Co. Ltd, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.

In accordance with your SPECIAL OFFER please send me A SHILLING BOX OF YESTAMIN for HALF PRICE together with the pamphlet on this wonderful aid to health. I enclose P.O. (crossed "& Co.") or stamps value 6d.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Write name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS.

J.B. 24/9/32

They have strange haunts and secrets...

The LONE ARMY of the FRIENDLESS

IN every great town there moves a vast unnoticed army—unnoticed because each member treads a solitary path. They never meet each other, they cannot recognise each other—that is the very essence of their pathetic kinship; for this army is the army of lonely people.

Theirs is the tragedy of friendlessness. They live, may be, in the heart of a busy town, yet there is no place in that heart for them; their spirit languishes on the remotest outskirts; they see, as if from afar, the stream of the town's life flowing past them, appalling them by its disinterestedness, forcing upon them the realisation of their own insignificance.

Brooding, mysterious, friendless men and women—London teems with their kind. . . .

The National Gallery on a Sunday afternoon is one of the great haunts of the lonely. Girls employed in London, with never a friend to share their free afternoon, and, more pathetic still, older women, studiedly indifferent, too proud to acknowledge by word or sign their utter loneliness.

Make-believe friends

In cold or wet weather the gallery offers them warmth, shelter and comfortable seats, and, after that, there are the pictures on the walls—queer, cold, bloodless, make-believe friends, these, whose companionship palls when you've forgotten how many times you *have* stared up at their fixed faces.

And your eyes ache, anyhow, after a time and you're glad to sit back again in your comfortable chair. . . .

There is a little tailoress who comes to the gallery regularly each Sunday.

When her mother died she found herself quite alone. She moved into a room in a house in Fulham and was fairly content, until she discovered that her voluble landlady spoke of her as being "kind of queer," because she had no friends and did not appear to have anywhere to go on Sunday afternoons like the other lodgers.

The little tailoress was proud, and determined that even if she was lonely she was not going to be considered "queer." After her simple mid-day meal each Sunday, she dressed carefully in her best clothes and went to visit friends just outside London, she explained.

And then she boarded a 'bus and came to the National Gallery and stopped there until it closed.

It is at another picture gallery where the shabby aristocrat comes once each year from the provinces. The reason for his annual quest remained undiscovered for many years; now it is known.

Some thirty years' previously he had visited the gallery with the girl he loved, and as they stood side by side, admiring a certain picture, he asked her to marry him. She consented and they were very happy until death carried the young wife away.

"Now I just come here every year on the anniversary," he explained, "to live those happy moments all over again."

"The stream of the town's life flows past them, appalling them by its disinterestedness"

There is a museum near Piccadilly which is a favourite meeting-place for lovers. Once a girl bade farewell to her sailor sweetheart there with a promise to meet him at the same spot in six months' time. But he never returned.

She made enquiries everywhere. It might have been but a fleeting fancy on his part, she knew but little about him . . . her people had not approved him. She, one of the lonely ones, haunted the place for years, until those who had observed her noticed that her visits suddenly ceased. Whether she died or found her lover they have never learnt.

Open a door into the quiet mustiness of the reading-room at the British Museum. You will, as likely as not, see an elderly woman there browsing among the records.

The unwritten book

Once, when she was a girl, she and her fiancé hunted enthusiastically for facts and figures from the past; facts which were going to make them the co-authors of a really great book. Suddenly the man developed consumption and died. But the girl, left alone, carried on. Now, old and grey, she continues to collect material for a book which will never be written.

At one station there was a girl who came to the ladies' waiting-room at the same time every Saturday evening, carefully scrutinising her complexion in the mirror. Her head held high, she would step out briskly on to the platform, only to return half-an-hour later looking wretched and dejected.

The little scene was re-enacted for months, until one night she returned to the waiting-room to pick up a mackintosh she had left. Then the attendant noticed her radiant face, and, in the doorway, a slim young man.

He was a commercial traveller who used to come to London at the week-ends to see his sweetheart. They quarrelled, bitter words were spoken and they parted. Later she regretted the break in their courtship and wrote to him. There was no reply.

And so the visits to the station began, for she felt that if she waited long enough he would return—and he did.

The new rest-rooms at the big stores have proved another boon to the lonely, but there are tragedies there, too.

One white-haired, well-dressed woman was a great puzzle. She would arrive about eleven o'clock on most mornings and, with a break for luncheon in the restaurant, would remain there all day. After some time had elapsed, it was found that in the past she had been in the habit of visiting the stores with her daughter.

The daughter had married against her mother's wishes and had gone abroad without a word. The mother kept her lone vigil in the hope that one day the girl would visit London and her favourite store.

One associates toy departments with children, naturally. But have you ever noticed the number of lonely old men who go to such places?

One such man of mystery was discovered to be a retired colonel with no relatives. More than one little boy became the proud possessor of a mechanical toy through his generosity.

When thanked profusely by the mother, whose small boy was too enraptured with his treasure to say anything at all, he just said, "Please do not thank me; I must do it sometimes. You see, I lost both mine."

SIDE-SLIPS

Send actual cuttings. 2/6 is paid for each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

EVENING NEWS:—"They cannot use the taxpayer's money to lure visitors to our SHORES."

EGYPTIAN MAIL:—"As their machines were returning to the *Glorious* that vessel ran into a thick FIG."

STOURBRIDGE GAZETTE:—"The bishop is following the example of his immediate SUCCESSOR, the LATE Dr. Pearce."

WILTSHIRE GAZETTE:—"Charged with unlawfully having in his possession a FIREMAN."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"It surprised me very much to see SOTHERS in the water in such weather."

NORTH MAIL AND NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE:—"This policy which everyone knows is bringing WOE and HOPEFULNESS to the North."

WIRELESS AND GRAMOPHONE TRADER:—"On their arrival at Waterloo, Captain —— is congratulating the ENGINE DRIVER who brought them across the ATLANTIC."

GLASGOW WEEKLY HERALD:—"Last year the prices for lambs ranged somewhere in the region of 1s.; this year the price is TWO SHILLINGS LESS."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"The questions are being determined by the officials in consultation with the SINNERS' Amalgamation."

EASTERN PROVINCE HERALD:—"The Publicity and Travel Department of the South African Railways and Harbours has just issued a brochure description of the Kruger National PORK."

FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

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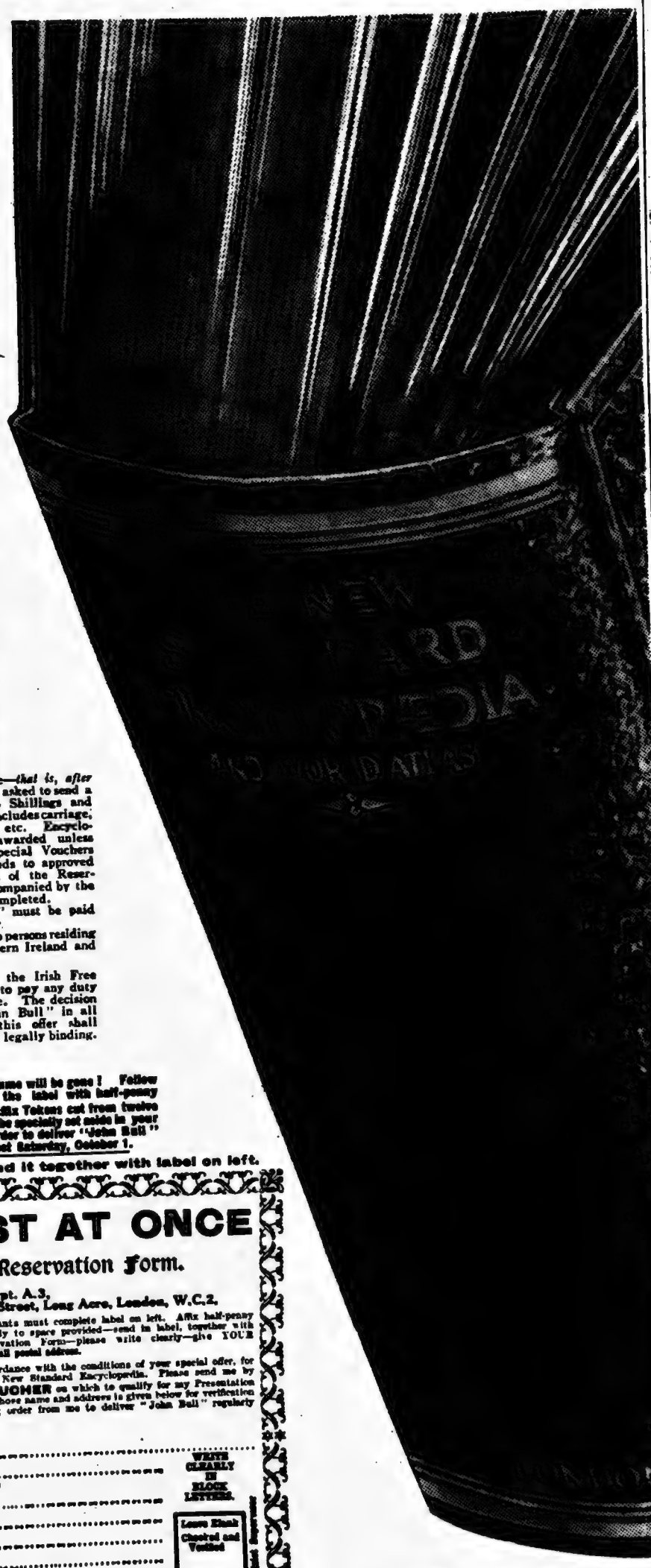
Encyclopædia and World Atlas



"JOHN BULL" this week gives its readers one final opportunity of securing a Presentation Guinea Encyclopædia and World Atlas. In view of the tremendous demand for this work and in order that every reader may take advantage of this great offer the final date for receipt of applications is extended to first post, Saturday, October 1st.

This amazing £1 1s. od. Presentation Volume is the latest and greatest single-volume reference work in the world—the only entirely NEW and original production of its kind! **Complete, clear, comprehensive, practical, this colossal work has cost nearly £60,000 to produce. It contains nearly fourteen hundred pages, including a superb World Atlas Supplement in seven colours, bound in the volume for permanent reference. Here, in nearly a million-and-a-half words, are over a quarter of a million fascinating facts, carefully classified in over 20,000 subject divisions, covering every age of knowledge up to and including the big events of the present year.**

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Rules and Conditions

No person may qualify for more than one Presentation Encyclopædia, and no Encyclopædia will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. Applicants are asked to affix to their Special Vouchers twelve consecutively numbered tokens cut from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull." No tokens prior to the issue of "John Bull" dated September 10th will be accepted. When your voucher is complete—*that is, after the twelve weeks*—you are asked to send a Postal Order for Two Shillings and Ninepence (2/9), which includes carriage, packing and insurance, etc. Encyclopædias will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Vouchers which "John Bull" sends to approved applicants upon receipt of the Reservation Form "A" accompanied by the special label properly completed. Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

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J.B., 24/9/32.

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But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlx. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity at 1½d. less than double the price. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

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I was Up Against It

Behind the Glitter

Stage-struck and feeling my first real pang of hunger. Down to my last sixpence, going from one theatrical agency to another, and still denied the interview with the man who mattered.

A night's shelter at the police-station and—shall I ever forget it?—a confidential chat with the police missionary.

I was found employment in private service next day, amid healthy surroundings and under kind and considerate employers.

The glitter and glamour of the footlights hide a multitude of people who, as I was then, are desperately up against it.—Joan T., Birmingham.

I WAS down and out. My parents died, my health vanished, my only relative (a sister) lay seriously ill. I became unemployed without being entitled to the "dole," I became depressed and moody because of an alleged petty offence of which I was innocent and for which I was ostracised and deprived of church membership.

I decided that life was not worth living, when I read, in the local institute, an inspiring "Homely Wisdom" article by Canon R. J. Campbell, which completely changed my entire outlook on life.—*"Ostra," S. Wales.*

Bluffed

My boat lay in Liverpool docks. One night I was going along the dark dock road when a man appeared and said, "Got a match, mate?" I noticed two more figures behind.

I replied, "Yes. Have you a fag-end to spare? This is a miserable place to find a job. I have come down from Lancashire to get a job aboard ship."

The man gave me a cigarette; three voices advised me to go back, as there was no chance of work there. Then they melted away.

I had over £5 in my pocket, too.—*W. G., Harpurhey.*

Long Hike

On my annual holiday, I lost my wallet, all my cash, return railway ticket and papers.

Having no relative near to whom to apply for aid, my belongings were held by my landlady, who told me that I was "off the board" till I paid up.

Having no other alternative, I hiked the eighty-odd miles home, existing the best way I could during three days and nights.

I arrived just in time to start work again, feeling more dead than alive, hungry, footsore and weary.—*Hiker, Kenton.*

Train Fright

All the passengers in our compartment except a woman and myself detrained. I was commercial traveller for wholesale chemists, and began to arrange my samples.

Suddenly the woman pulled the communication-cord and when the train stopped at a near station I was taken to the waiting-room and informed that the woman complained that I was proceeding to chloroform her.

I was then up against it, till I got my statements confirmed by telephone and was liberated.—*J. M., Hillhead.*

Real Hunger

A friend and myself were stranded in Wellington, New Zealand, with but 4s. between us. We knew nobody there, but found a landlady who "trusted" us for a room.

Then followed a nightmare search for a job. To work as dock porters was impossible, as they were out on strike.

We lived on bread, milk and apples. But the last two days before we were taken on by a forestry gang we had dry bread alone, and I shall never forget what it is like to feel really hungry.—*H. Lea, Sussex.*

Suspect

Money was missing from the office. I was accused, and because I was silent, condemned. I knew the culprit, but was aware that he was in terrible difficulties, and I thought my sacrifice would assist him.

After that I was a man without reputation.

But death intervened, and confession was made. I have been reinstated and regrets expressed.

I have now a wife, a home and happiness. Looking back, I am almost glad to have been up against it; one appreciates that which is good.—*"Sacrifice," Rotherham.*

No Regrets

When I was sixteen, I sat for my matriculation and failed. Shortly afterwards my health gave way, but even in my pain I was determined not to give in. Everyone said, "Give it up," but I persevered—and failed again.

Disappointed beyond measure, and without a scrap of encouragement, I tried once more, only to be let down by one subject.

My health had suffered, and everything seemed against me, so I decided to give in; but before it was too late, I changed my mind—and I have never regretted it. —*J. G., Tynemouth.*

Long Night

One evening, coming down the Irrawaddy from Bhamo to Mandalay, the boat stopped for a while. I strolled into the jungle and got lost.

Darkness fell while I was trying to find my way back, so I had to spend one of the longest nights I have ever experienced listening to the weird noises of the jungle's inhabitants.

Hungry and tired, at dawn I heard a siren in the distance, which guided me to safety again.—*T. Woods, London.*

"Keep Right On"

When I lost husband and son in four months, I sat one evening contemplating ending it all, when a friend came in and turned on the wireless.

Just at that moment Sir Harry Lauder spoke a few words, saying how he felt when he lost his wife and son and how the words of his song, "Keep Right on to the End of the Road," urged him on again.

Then he sang it through, and it certainly gave me hope and courage to go on. —*E. D., Handsworth.*

* * *

Proudly self-conscious of my new flannel suit, I sauntered to the park. Seating myself, I looked round, and discovered written on the back of the seat, "Wet Paint." Truly I was up against it.—*W. Tewkesbury, Liverpool.*

When I was undergoing instruction as an observer, an experienced pilot was at the controls. When we were 3,000 ft. high, he became unconscious and the 'plane began spinning to earth. I managed to bring the machine safely to earth.—*R.A.F., Hants*

At the end of the war I left school, to be thrown into an upside-down world, the result of the world's worst war. Then I knew I was up against it, and I and thousands of others have been up against it ever since.—*B. D., Cornwall.*

The glamour of the footlights hides many a tragedy

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Our readers have taken such great interest in the Letter Parliament topic "My Most Wonderful Dream" that this week we have decided to invite letters on—

My Worst Dream

Your letter should not exceed 100 words and you will be paid 10s. if it is used. 2s. 6d. is paid for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 27.

Football Selections for September 24

Our Expert Forecasts...

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) LIVERPOOL v. Bolton.
(2) Chelsea v NEWCASTLE.
(3) Arsenal v. Everton.
(4) Birmingham v. Blackburn.
(5) HUDDERSFIELD v. Wolves.
*(6) LEICESTER v. Middlesbrough.
(7) MANCHESTER C. v. Blackpool.
(8) PORTSMOUTH v. Villa.
(9) WEDNESDAY v. Sheffield U.
(10) Sunderland v. Derby.
**(11) W.B. ALBION v. Leeds.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) MILLWALL v. Fulham.
(2) Swansea v. Plymouth.
(3) OLDHAM v. Manchester U.
(4) Bradford v. FOREST.
(5) BURNLEY v. Charlton.
*(6) BURY v. Lincoln.
(7) GRIMSBY v. Hotspur.
(8) Notts v. BRADFORD CITY.
**(9) PORT VALE v. Chesterfield.
(10) Preston v. Stoke.
**(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. West Ham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) LUTON v. Torquay.
**(2) SOUTHEND v. Gillingham.
(3) BRIGHTON v. Norwich.
(4) ALDERSHOT v. Cardiff.
(5) BOSCOMBE v. Coventry.
(6) Bristol R. v. Reading.
(7) ORIENT v. Northampton.
(8) EXETER v. Palace.
(9) Newport v. BRENTFORD.
(10) Q.P. Rangers v. Watford.
(11) SWINDON v. Bristol City.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) SOUTHPORT v. Rochdale.
**(2) GATESHEAD v. Halifax.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Carlisle.
(4) Darlington v. Barnsley.
(5) DONCASTER v. Hull.
(6) MANSFIELD v. Crewe.
(7) NEW BRIGHTON v. Barrow.
*(8) ROTHERHAM v. York.
*(9) STOCKPORT v. Hartlepools.
(10) WALSALL v. Tranmere.
(11) WREXHAM v. Chester.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) E. Stirling v. HAMILTON.
(2) Third Lanark v. Hearts.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Queen's Park.
(4) AYR v. Clyde.
**(5) CELTIC v. Kilmarnock.
(6) Cowdenbeath v. Rangers.
(7) DUNDEE v. Falkirk.
(8) MOTHERWELL v. Morton.
(9) Partick v. ABERDEEN.
*(10) ST. MIRREN v. St. Johnstone.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. 1.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—8 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*A*); Scottish League—5 (*H*) would indicate W.B. Albion, Port Vale, Brentford, and Celtic.

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were Covered with

DREADFUL CRACKS

for nearly

20 YEARS

CRACKS YOU COULD PUT A COIN INTO ! RAW, SORE, Aching !

Actual photograph of Mrs. Wilkins' poor hands —now smooth and white as a child's ! — taken July 27th 1932

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"Germolene soothed RIGHT AWAY!"

29th June, 1932.

Since I was 11 or 12 years old, I have suffered from pernicious Dermatitis on both hands. In 1918 I became run-down and it became worse than ever. I tried every kind of ointment and special treatment I could get; every night for 14 years I bandaged my hands and dressed them, but without any sign of a cure. The pain and irritation were really maddening; my hands were covered with big cracks you could put a coin into; and, of course, my daily housework was agony. At one time I was using rubber gloves at the rate of 3 pairs a fortnight.

When my little boy was born I was laid up for two months, but although my hands were free from labour, they were as bad as ever. Then I read a Germolene advertisement and decided to try just one more ointment. To my amazement Germolene soothed the pain and itching right away, and in 4 days my hands were cured, for the first time in 14 years !

I wish I had tried Germolene before, it would have saved me a small fortune. A month ago I could not have held the pen I am now writing with without pain—to-day my hands are smooth and white without the slightest sign of skin trouble. I have used my hands in water continuously ever since, but without the slightest sign of the return of the trouble. (Sgd.) LILIAN L. WILKINS, 7, *Kempson Road, Fulham, S.W.6.*

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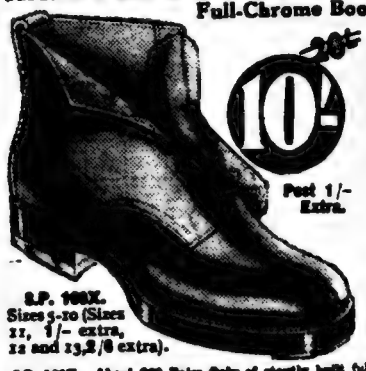

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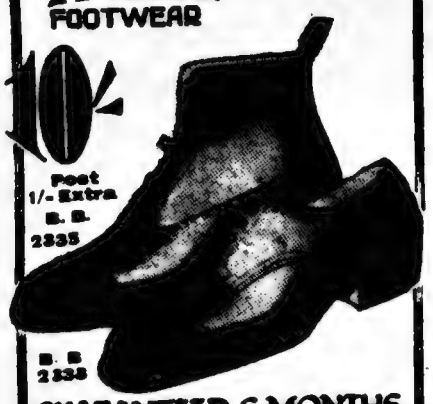

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ENTER BY NOON THURS. OCT. 6

ONLY a few weeks ago, "John Bull's" Giant Crossword Prize of £2,000 was won outright by a Welsh miner, Mr. Daniel Jenkins, of Lloyds Bank House, Llandebie, who submitted an all-correct solution.

Now comes an opportunity for you to capture an even more sensational prize, for "John Bull" is this week breaking all records with a staggering Crossword Life Pension of £8 a Week! The cash alternative is 3,000 Guineas, and the huge First is supported by special awards for Runners-up, as announced above, totalling £200.

Sit down quietly and study the Clues, using care and common sense in selecting the words to fill those fascinating squares. See that your coupons are in by noon, Thursday, October 6, and the finest of all Crossword prizes may soon make you independent for life!

CLUES ACROSS

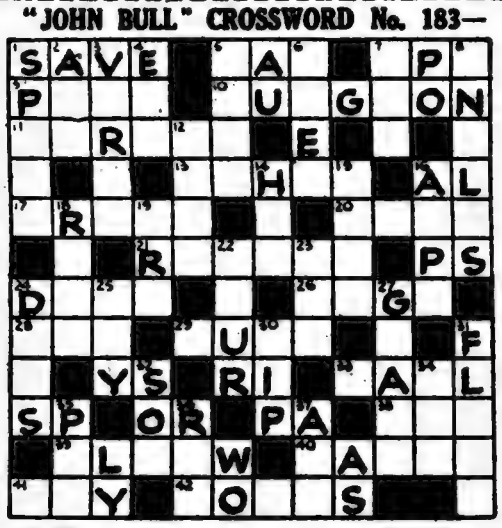
1. Put by.
5. Men-o'-war were once built of.
7. Health resort.
9. Seaside steamers call at.
10. Dark underground prison.
11. What office-boy runs.
13. Fire leaves these in grate.
17. Vision while sleeping.
20. Not always occupied.
21. Reposed.
24. Describes gramophone record.
26. Lower limbs.
28. It flows from a pen.
29. You sometimes ride on this.
33. Hearing one makes mother anxious.
38. We drink it in the afternoon.
39. Joint in the arm.
40. Goods are packed in these.
41. It seems longest when you're weary.
42. Are often untied and taken off.

CLUES DOWN

1. We do this on our roads.
2. Airman is at home in.
3. It helps poet to live.
4. Number of years.
5. Opposite of "evens."
6. Leg joint.
7. S.O.S. often comes from this.
8. Auntie tries to conceal them.
12. You are known by this.
14. You'll find it on the beach in summer.
15. Swagger.
16. Swiss mountains.
18. Pessimist predicts it for to-morrow.
19. Part of a circle.
22. It gives a nasty dig.
23. A tiny fairy.
24. Are often taken away on holiday.
25. We like to see it blue.
27. These are common in India.
30. Tear up.
31. Often comes from bootlegger's pocket.
32. Weep convulsively.
34. Sheltered side of a ship.
35. It is found in a pod.
36. Steal.
37. Perform.

EXTRA ENTRY FORMS FREE Two further entry-forms will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" Crossword Department, 57, Long Acre, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny entry-forms required.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 183— CLOSING—(NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 6



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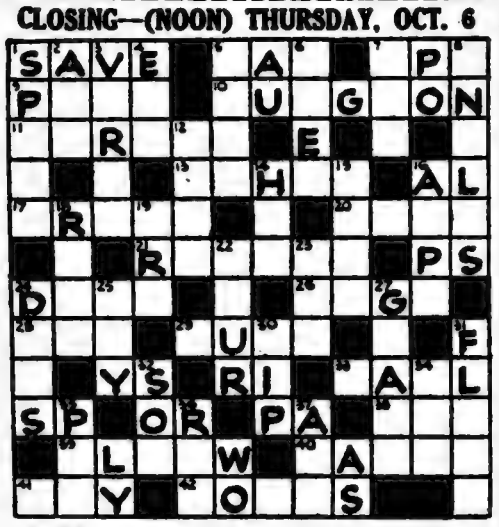


JB·183

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

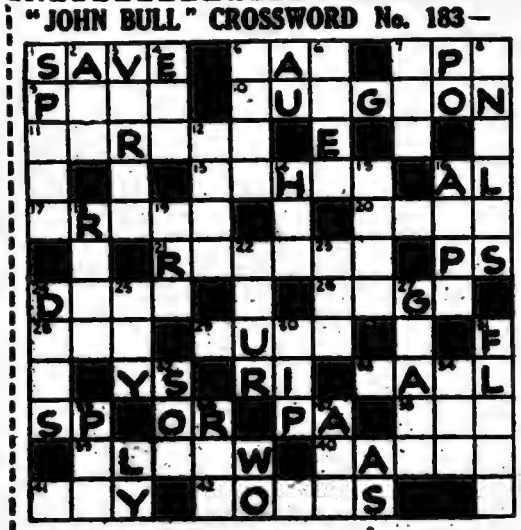
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 183— CLOSING—(NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 6



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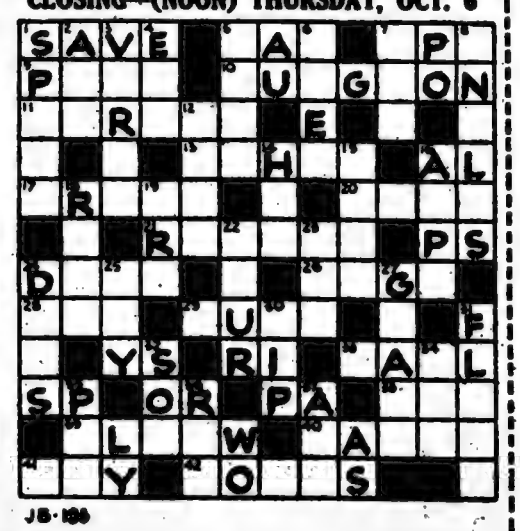


JB·183

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £8 a week or 3,000 Guineas cash for a correct solution on one square of this puzzle. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution and winners of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 20.

READ THESE RULE AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 6th, 1932.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, October 20th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 1st, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared 3,000 Guineas cash will be paid instead of dividing life pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

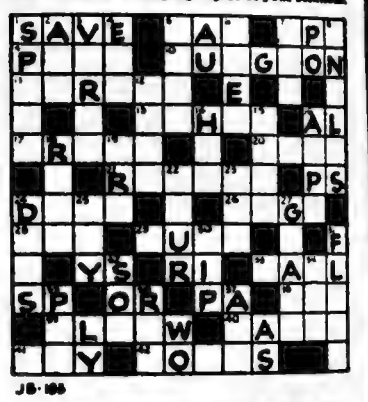
JB·184

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 181

Winners in 180 on page 22. Result of 181 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 181 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between theirs' Newsagents.



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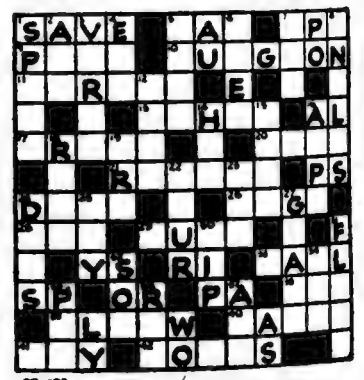

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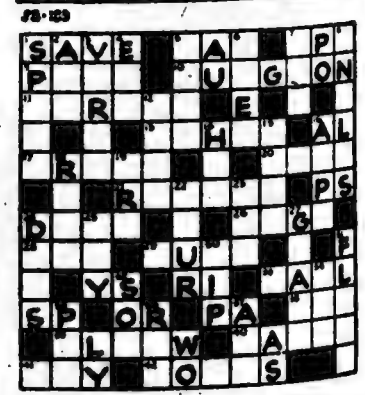

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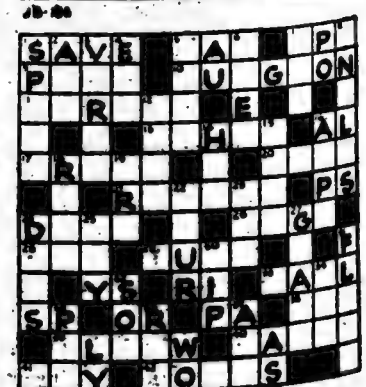


JB·184

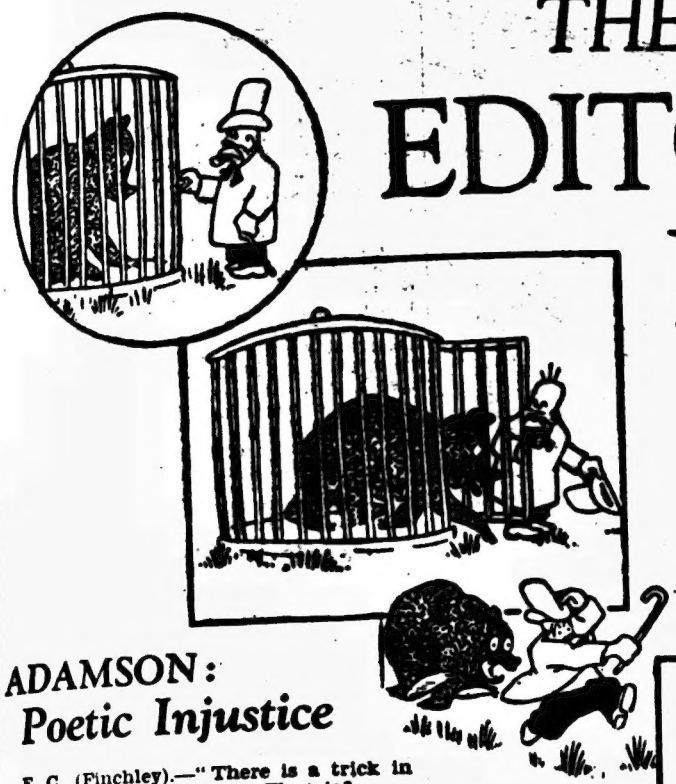
Post as early as possible.

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 183, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ADAMSON: *Poetic Injustice*

E. C. (Finchley).—"There is a trick in mowing a lawn easily." Electric?

POET (Chelsea).—"What do you think of my 'Ode to a Dustbin'?" Rubbish.

READER (Essex).—"I rather like your page of answers." Well, that's two of us, anyway.

B. M. (London, W.).—"Between you and me, there is . . ." Commissionaire, thank goodness.

J. P. (Camden Town).—"How do sharks spend the most of their time?" Eating their lodger's food.

T. E. (Hayes, Kent).—"Do you believe that dark-haired men marry first?" No; it's the light-headed ones.

K. R. (Bromley).—"Should a man propose to a girl on his knees?" What else can he do if she won't get off.

S. R. (Highgate).—"Fat people are generally stubborn." It's hard to get round them.

J. M. H. (Parkgate).—"I have the sun in my bedroom every morning when I wake up." It must be a big room.

S. P. (Dewsbury).—"For some time back I have been suffering from severe pains in the head." An aching void.

D. M. (York).—"I love to gaze on the wide, open spaces." Then look at this.

SHOCKED (Attadale).—"What words are there for single girls who bathe with young men?" Splash and grab bandits.

DORIS (Ingatestone).—"He says I am one girl in a hundred." And, no doubt, he tells the other ninety-nine the same thing.

G. H. (Clapham).—"How does one make a peach cordial?" By taking her to the pictures and buying her a box of chocolates.

RADIO (Ashford).—"What can one do with a rickety old wooden cabinet?" We never answer political questions in this column.

H. J. P. (Eastbourne).—"I hope you will be able to use this letter." We could have scribbled on the back if you hadn't written on both sides.

F. P. K. (Banbury).—"I am seeking the hand of one of the seven daughters of a wealthy man." What caused him to cut the other six out of his will?

B. N. (Cheam).—"I have invented a theatre fire alarm which first warns the audience and then plays jazz music." That ought to ensure a speedy exit.

N. J. (Whalley).—"I had to write a very delicate letter to my girl the other night." So you now have enough paper-spills to save you a month's matches?

D. M. (Colchester).—"When a boy of three I was knocked senseless by an apple which fell on my head." Then time has not proved a great healer in your case.

G. M. (Stevenage).—"She did not speak as I entered, but put out her hand towards me and then slowly pulled it back again." She knew you always had half a pint of bitter.

D. S. (Kenton).—"You'd better take me on your staff straight away. There are a lot of companies after me." The electric light, gas and telephone companies, we suppose.

M. T. (Armley).—"Have you heard that the American police have found a drug that makes people tell the truth?" Yes, and that the film-stars' publicity agents are in a rare funk about it.

MRS. E. (Leicester).—"My husband always recommends my pastry to his friends." Is he a dentist?

G. F. (Luton).—"As I finished my speech the audience rose as one man." Perhaps they were twins?

L. M. (Kew).—"The modern girl puts her foot down." On the accelerator.

T. R. (Gretna Green).—"What is the cause of married misery?" Getting married.

G. K. (Yeovil).—"The doctor has forbidden me any strenuous exercise." Oh! So no Yo-Yo?

J. L. N. (Broughton).—"How do you look upon the drawings I sent you?" Very reluctantly.

MRS. G. (Minehead).—"I have married a policeman." You will never be without a copper now.

C. T. (Belfast).—"My wife bought a new hat out of her winnings." Money always goes to a woman's head.

R. A. (Tewkesbury).—"There is no excuse for a man using bad language over the telephone." Except the telephone.

SMALLHOLDER (Billericay).—"Can you tell me how long goats should be milked?" Just the same as short ones, we imagine.

N. M. (Dewsbury).—"If all the letters I have written you were placed end to end across the English Channel ——." It would be a great idea.

E. M. (Retford).—"While we were at Ventnor on our honeymoon my wife taught me to dive into the sea." As a prelude to your pocket?

H. M. (Dedham).—"I am shortly to marry a man whose name is a household word." Then, no doubt, by the time this is printed you will be Mrs. Smith.

F. R. (Tonbridge).—"What is happening to our young men?" All that will happen is that they will grow up and start wondering what is happening to our young men.

K. P. (Ipswich).—"We always say a jot or a tittle, but which is larger, the jot, or tittle?" There is not an iota of difference.

VISITOR (Bow).—"My hotel bedroom was about the size of a rabbit-hutch." Anyhow, you had plenty of room for complaint.

T. N. (Stevenage).—"Money goes a lot farther than it did twelve months ago." Yes, and stays away longer, too.

DORIS (Ayr).—"I won't be able to dance for a week, all through a nail sticking up in my shoe." Ah! the iron entered into your sole.

T. K. (Hackney).—"London is a tidy city." The police frequently comb it.

T. W. (Taplow).—"Even the naturally hefty girl diets for her figure." Slim hopes.

FILM STAR (Hollywood).—"The men over here are all alike." Then why do you women keep changing yours?

G. M. (Grendon).—"It may surprise you to no that I am a self-tort man." Yes, but we orimost gessed it.

MRS. D. (Dover).—"My neighbour said there was a lot of feeling in my voice." See letter below.

MRS. C. (Dover).—"I told my neighbour that she sang like a feline." See letter above.

THRIFTY (Ayr).—"You don't often find Scotsmen sitting around in a bar." No, nor standing a round in a bar.

P. M. (London, W.).—"He was fined £5 for butting a policeman with his head." It doesn't pay to act the goat.

L. L. (Harrow).—"A certain tribe of African natives slap themselves on the body to the accompaniment of reed pipes." A kind of tum-tum obbligato.

H. K. (Croydon).—"Some of the new aeroplanes have kitchens." Chefs complain of the difficulty in stirring the soup when a playful pilot is looping the loop.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"What do waving palms suggest to you?" Gesticulating auctioneers.

S. J. (Abingdon).—"Why should fashionable women always declare they have nothing to wear?" Merely as an excuse for wearing it.

PLAYWRIGHT (Cheam).—"Your opinion of my play showed me that you did not read the last act." Our opinion should also have showed you why.

HAIRDRESSER (Bath).—"Women's hair is going to be dressed to look like flowers." Still, we live in hopes of seeing women's hair dressed to look like hair.

R. N. (London, N.).—"I am travelling to Glasgow by boat. What can you recommend to avoid sea-sickness?" The train.

J. S. C. (Colchester).—"What can you do when your wife keeps plodding away at her housework all the evening?" Sweep up that dust value £800 which is lying about on page 39—or plug in and win a Radio Gramophone.

FAN (Ashey).—"Is it right that there are more people than ever at work on radios and gramophones for the Christmas season?" Yes, and more people than ever will be asking for peace on earth.

G. D. (Exeter).—"There are some mountains in the world that have never been conquered by man." English wives often find them on returning from holidays.

YOUR GREAT CHANCE!

John Bull's 3,000 GUINEA CROSSWORD

It's SOLVED FOR YOU

in this week's issue of

The Leader

The Paper that

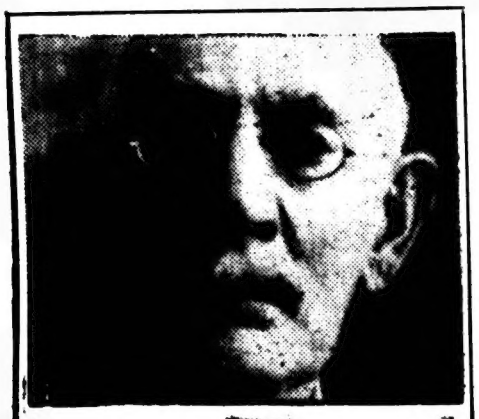
NEVER MISSES AN ALTERNATIVE

WHY let an overlooked alternative spoil your chance of winning the magnificent crossword prize offered by JOHN BULL this week? Before posting in your entries, check up with a reliable solution given in THE LEADER—on sale NOW at all newsagents. Apart from a solution, you'll find further squares for additional entries.

"JOHN BULL'S" RECENT £3,000 X-WORD WINNER READ THE LEADER FOR SIX YEARS!

This week's issue of THE LEADER also contains helpful advice, and further coupons, for the current "Bulloh" offer.

Now on Sale 2d ALL NEWSAGENTS



85 AND FREE FROM PAIN

"Found something good at last" for

INDIGESTION and FLATULENCE

MR. R. G. STINTIFORD,
Crown Hill Bakery, Plymouth, writes:
"I have found something good at last—Birley's Antacid Powder, which I have been taking for some time. It has done for me what nothing else seemed capable of doing. My indigestion, flatulence, and difficulty of properly assimilating my food have completely vanished, and I am now FREE FROM ALL PAIN. I was a GREAT sufferer and I can, and do, recommend Birley's Antacid Powder to all my friends."

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

Gives INSTANT Relief

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (*it is put up for Free Trial only and is not for Sale*). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for Indigestion and its kindred ailments. Birley's is tasteless and harmless.

FREE 9D TIN POST PAID

COUPON No. 78

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.
16, Northdown St. King's Cross, London, N1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

Don't Suffer a day longer in Silence—

Test This Remedy for

PILES!

A trouble not talked about. Suffering maddening irritation and untold pain—let us help you this way FREE.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is a soothing, healing balm that, persevered with, does end this wretched trouble.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle-applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use.

Thousands have proved this. Make your own first test free.

When you have used your free supply and know that this splendid specific does immediately relieve intense irritation and pain, ask your chemist for a 3/- supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy, or send direct to the manufacturers (address below).

For free supply (sent in plain wrapper) send name and address to E. C. De Witt and Co. Ltd. (Dept.R 14), Croydon.

MANZAN

BRAND PILE REMEDY

A DEMON *behind* THE BARS

YOU can put Fire behind the bars—you can hold it at bay.

But directly you relax your vigilance, you court disaster swift and terrible.

As you sit round the fire watching its cosy glow—the very centre of domestic happiness, comfort and security—remember how easily that genial warmth can become a deadly menace. Fire, the greatest friend of man, can be transformed into his most terrifying foe—in an instant almost, with no warning given.

Have you reckoned the cost if Fire should visit your home? Would you say with sorrow "a total loss" or could you look to JOHN BULL for a cheque?

JOHN BULL now pays up to £1,000 on account of this risk.

Guard yourself against a tragedy such as this. Protect your home under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance.

Exclusive Benefits.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits—just as it is the only paper to cover the home against Storm, Flood and Sickness.

You may have cause to bless the day when you signed the registration forms. Why not do so now?

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you Free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B.24/9/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24/9/32

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

CASH THE COUPONS

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

HOW TO TREAT AUTUMN COLDS, COUGHS AND CATARRH.

As there seems to be a regular epidemic of coughs, colds and catarrh at the present time, the following valuable prescription will undoubtedly be welcomed by many. From your chemist get one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), take this home and add to it half-pint of hot water and two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. This will often bring instant relief from such distressing symptoms as clogged nostrils, catarrhal discharges, head noises, dullness, watering of the eyes, sneezing, sore throat, etc. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and seems to bring relief even to chronic sufferers. Every person who suffers from coughs, cold or catarrh should give it a trial.—2766.

A WORD TO ALL GOOD WIVES

When your husband is looking worn, fagged out, worried, listless, when he comes home night after night too tired to do anything but go to sleep, it only means one thing. He's taking too much out of himself.

And there's one simple way to give him the new life and new vigour he needs, a way which doctors have been recommending for more than fifty years—get him a bottle of Wincarnis. He will find it delicious, and its effect will be simply astounding. The very first night he will sleep better so that he wakes up really refreshed, feeling fit and vigorous. In a day or two you will see his whole health improve. Soon he'll be his old self again, ready for anything.

Wincarnis is wonderful for run-down conditions. It actually creates rich, new, red blood, it soothes tired irritable nerves and builds up new strength, vigour and vitality. And it does this in a perfectly natural way. It is not a drug to bring mere temporary relief at the cost of future trouble. Get a bottle of Wincarnis to-day.

A FREE OFFER

★ A generous sample of a new wonder treatment which conquers all leg troubles and kindred ailments, is offered on the Back cover. This, together with a special free booklet, and copies of recent testimonials, will be sent to all readers filling in the coupon which appears in the advt. This new biological treatment restores the natural power of healing through the blood. Get full particulars of the "ELASTO" Blood treatment by filling in the coupon at once. Write clearly, giving name and full postal address. Don't delay.

ENGINEERS . . .

SIT DOWN AND THINK THIS OVER

THIS 200 PAGE BOOK ON SUCCESSFUL ENGINEERING CAREERS FREE

Can you allow any opportunity for a first-class job to pass by unheeded? "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" points the sure way to many such opportunities. You cannot afford to miss this book. It gives details of all recognised Examinations (A.M.Inst. C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., G.P.O., etc.), outlines Modern Home-study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Radio, Aero and "Talkie" Engineering, and explains the unique advantages of our Employment Dept. The book is FREE. Send a postcard for your copy NOW.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY,
56, Shakespeare House, 29-31, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

£950 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 180.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent.

W. Palmforth, 12, Club Row, Yeadon, Leeds.
T. Meeuser, Sun Hotel, Cockermouth, Cumberland.
F. Toodivine, 1, Commercial Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 4th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 42 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 7s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two stamped coupons were received in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD NO. 179: The extra £100 Bonus offered in this contest has been divided between 20 entrants and payments of £5 each are being despatched accordingly.

A Huge Life Pension, £-Word of £6 a week or 3,000 Guineas Cash, with £100 to be divided between the runners-up and £100 between runners-up who send two 6d. entries in the same envelope, appears on Page 36. Try Your skill Now!

TEN ALL-ELECTRIC RADIO GRAMOPHONES AND HUGE £800 'BULLETS' FIRST

32 GUINEAS Is the price of this luxurious "Edison Bell" Radio Gramophone in rich walnut—a superb all-mains instrument giving you Wireless or Gramophone Concerts with uncanny realism. Battery Model can be supplied if no electric current available.

SECOND PRIZE £50 — OTHER PRIZES: 10 PRIZES of £2·10, 25 PRIZES of £1, 500 PRIZES of 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS, 8,000 TARGETS — THIRD PRIZE £35

WIN THIS GIANT FIRST OR A RADIO GRAMOPHONE

GREATER and greater grow the attractions of JOHN BULL'S sensational Autumn Campaign. This week's offer brings you an increased First Prize of £800, and, following other substantial cheques, an array of ten magnificent all-mains Radio Gramophones value 32 Guineas each.

The long winter evenings are almost upon us—but they would be nights of delight with one of these superb instruments to flood your home with entertainment by wireless programmes or gramophone records, as you desire.

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS, neatly added to any *Example* So you must compress your ideas into these limits, seeking pithy and unusual phrasing to express your meaning.

Suppose, for instance, you select the *Example* WHITE AS A SHEET. "Sheet" gives you the idea of a link with Lantern. "Lantern" reminds you of a policeman. A policeman suggests a burglar. And so your idea develops until you arrive at the finished effort.—WHITE AS A SHEET—BURGLAR SPOTTING POLICEMAN'S LANTERN.

Now settle down to half-an-hour with the *Examples*, and make sure that your efforts are in by Saturday, October 1.

RECORD PRIZE COMING FOR "BULLETS" 20th BIRTHDAY OFFER, No. 868

£12 A WEEK FOR LIFE—OR £5,000!

£1,182 10s. CASH AWARDED—COMPETITION No. 863

FIRST PRIZE OF £750 AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END.

Mr. A. G. WILFORD, 121, Vale Road, Colwick, Nottingham.

Example:—WITH A LONG FACE
Bullet:—SPECTATOR—LANCASHIRE v. *Lancashire.*

SECOND PRIZE OF £50

Mr. F. PLUCKNETT, 84, Leighton Road, Southville, Bristol.
Example:—She Demands
Bullet:—"Cake," But Won't Cook.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. R. V. BUCKLEY, 38, Dalmeny Road, Tufnell Park, Holloway, N.
Example:—Heavy Task
Bullet:—Trudging Round, Seeking "Treadmill."

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: Mrs. F. COWELL, 69, College Drive, Whalley Range, Manchester.
When The Pub Caught Fire—"Hares" Speeding To "Greyhound."

£20: A. KEEGAN, 4, Park Road, Alex. Park, Manchester.
Mother Knows — Hen's Feelings—"Chicks" Swimming.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£19: R. HAMILTON, 24, Rockbank Street, Glasgow.
Getting Sentimental—Solly—Sunset. Like Fire!

£18: P. C. WINDO, 59, Hopwood Gardens, Tunbridge Wells.
Spirit Of Friendship—Walking World—World Striding.

£17: J. SHARPLES, 30, Bairstow Street, Blackpool.
Scene Of Desolation—Town I "Painted" Yesterday.

£16: D. O. WYKE, 21 Brook St. Shrewsbury.
Crushing—Souls To "Granite," Dartmoor.

£15: G. C. JACKSON, 1, Cresswell Street, C-on-M, Manchester.
What The Wag Said—Meeting Henpeck—"Hello, Yo-yo!"

£14: T. ROYLE 37, Wood Street, Woolwich.
When The Pub Caught Fire—Father Asleep—Insomnia Since!

£13: W. STEWARDSON, 59, Low Town, Worksop, Notts.
Complicates Matters—*Sonny* Planning Future, Too.

£12: J. M. ALGAR, 242, Victoria Park Road, London, E.
Aiming High—Newriches "Throwing A Ball."

£11: D. MITCHELL, Gordondale, Alford, Aberdeenshire.
Getting Sentimental—Sandy Squeezing Her Purse.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed and Co. payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

£10: S. R. SMITH, Poplar Grove, Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Helps Me Along—And Spoils Yarn, Wife!

£9: H. L. WEAVER, Park Road, W. Wolverhampton.
Mother Knows—Story "Picture" *Doesn't* Tell.

£8: E. G. KEADY, 3, Hyde Grove, Sale, Manchester.
It Costs A Lot, But—Strike's Only "First Instalment."

£7: E. PRICE, 2, Durban Terrace, Nantyglo, via Newport, Mon.
Life's Music—Songster In Cage Denied.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£6: R. B. KIRBY, 17, Letchworth Place, Chorley, Lancs.
Helps Me Along—Life's Highway, My "Pickpocket."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£5: H. R. MARKLAND, 66, St. John's Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.
I'm A Fool, So—Knowing It, Smile Knowingly.

A list of 30 £2 10s. and 300 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

FINE 3-IN-1 FIRST — LIFE PENSION — £500 — RADIO GRAMOPHONE — NEXT WEEK ONLY

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 866

PROSPEROUS EMPIRE
LOOKS HEALTHY
ALL WE DO
NO PLEASURE
TACTFUL HUSBAND
TAKING HER BACK
FATHER'S GAME
FURTIVELY
FRIGHTENED
FOR GOOD
NEW IDEA

SITTING UP
GONE ASTRAY
PARENTS
RAINY DAY
MAN I WORK FOR
ALL THROUGH
WAITING
FALLING LEAVES
HER LIFE
WAY TO ACT
REAL SPORT

BEFORE THE HOUSE
WHITE AS A SHEET
BRIGHT YOUNG THING
ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE
IT MAY BE CRUEL, BUT
WHAT I'VE FOUND
THE LIGHTHOUSE MAN
LIFE IS BITTER WHEN
TO THEIR HEARTS' CONTENT
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Example _____
Bullet _____

(866) P.O. No. _____ — Signed _____
Closing SAT. Oct. 1 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. — Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(866) P.O. No. _____ — Signed _____
Closing SAT. Oct. 1 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. — Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(866) P.O. No. _____ — Signed _____
Closing SAT. Oct. 1 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(866) P.O. No. _____ — Signed _____
Closing SAT. Oct. 1 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. — Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 866 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Coupons:—"Bullets," No. 866, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NOW—HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . .

Now Available for All!

ELASTO—The Great National Remedy for Diseases of the VEINS and ARTERIES, and all ailments arising therefrom.

A VITAL CELL FOOD
which must be present in the Blood to ensure
COMPLETE HEALTH

What other users of Elasto say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet." Etc.

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

***Get on the* RIGHT SIDE *of a Course of* 'ELASTO'**

"I can now Walk for Miles

. . . after using your treatment I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough as I thought I would never walk again. Your treatment is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——

A Wonderful NEW TREATMENT THAT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally with their numerous developments and widely-varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Nothing even remotely resembling the New Elasto Treatment has ever been offered to the public before. This new biological treatment actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood.

Here is your great opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15B.), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining the Elasto Treatment.

Please Print in Capital Letters.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

My Ailment is .....

John Bull, Sept. 24, 1932.

ELASTO THE NEW BIOLOGICAL TREATMENT — CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

18

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